CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

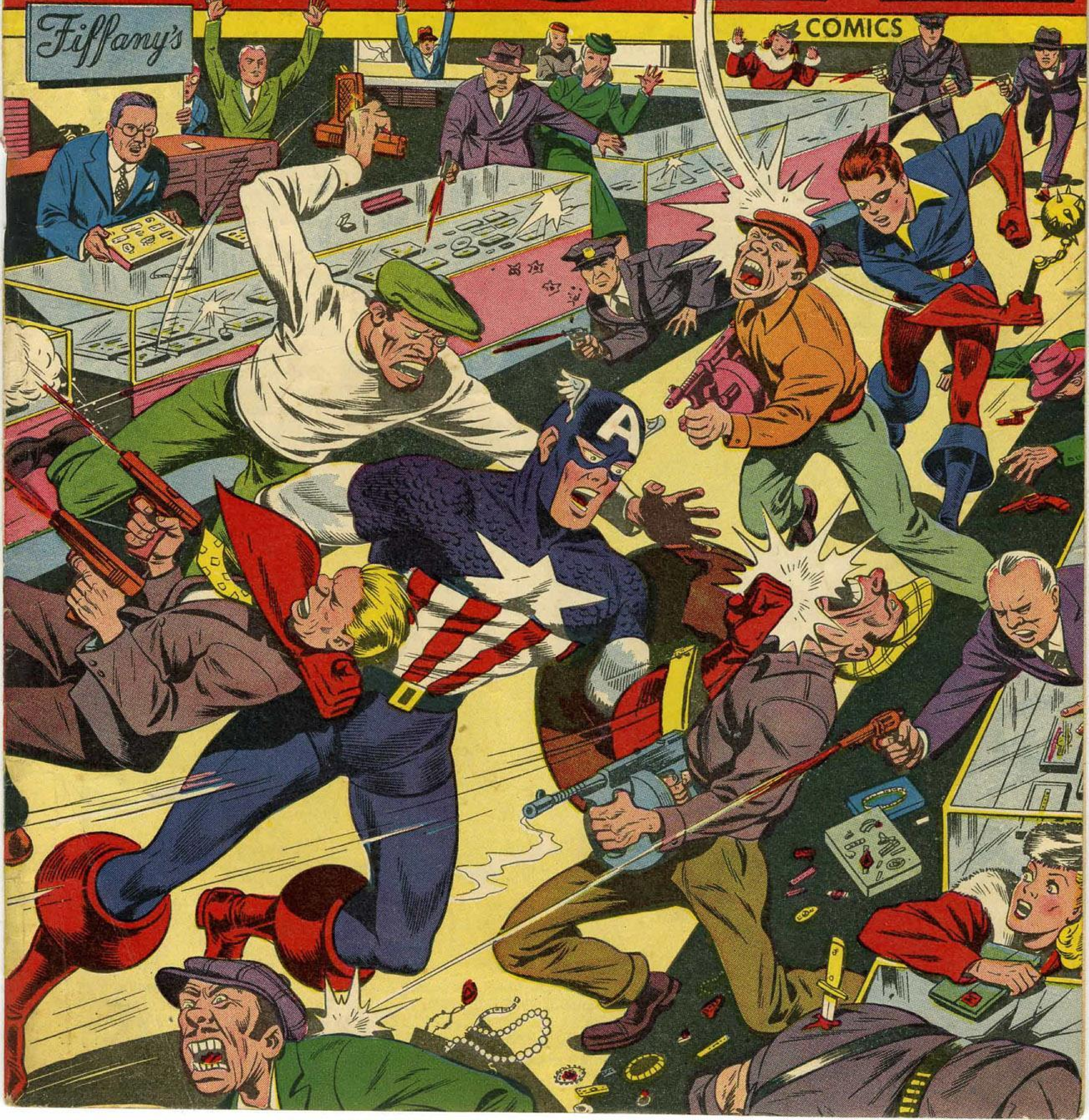
U.S.A.

COMICS

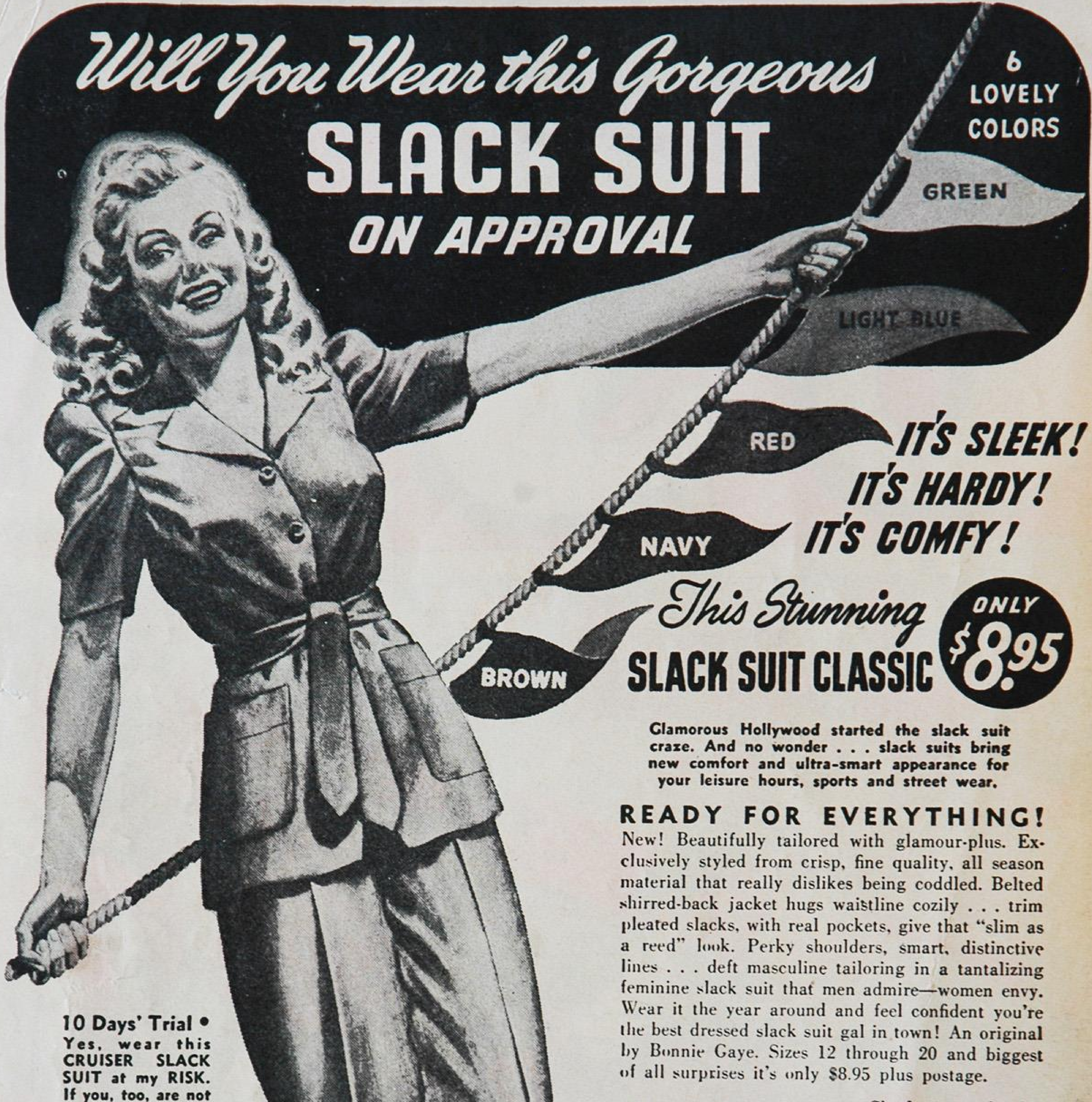
NO. 15

10¢

SPRING



Will You Wear this Gorgeous
SLACK SUIT
ON APPROVAL



IT'S SLEEK! IT'S HARDY! IT'S COMFY!

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READY FOR EVERYTHING! New! Beautifully tailored with glamour-plus. Exclusively styled from crisp, fine quality, all season material that really dislikes being coddled. Belted shirred-back jacket hugs waistline cozily . . . trim pleated slacks, with real pockets, give that "slim as a reed" look. Perky shoulders, smart, distinctive lines . . . deft masculine tailoring in a tantalizing feminine slack suit that men admire—women envy. Wear it the year around and feel confident you're the best dressed slack suit gal in town! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20 and biggest of all surprises it's only $8.95 plus postage.

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10 Days' Trial • **Yes, wear this CRUISER SLACK SUIT at my RISK. If you, too, are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded.—BONNIE GAYE, 168 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.**

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NOTE: Order 2 Slack Suits for $16.50 plus postage. Interchanging jackets and slacks makes 4 color combinations. Check here ☐

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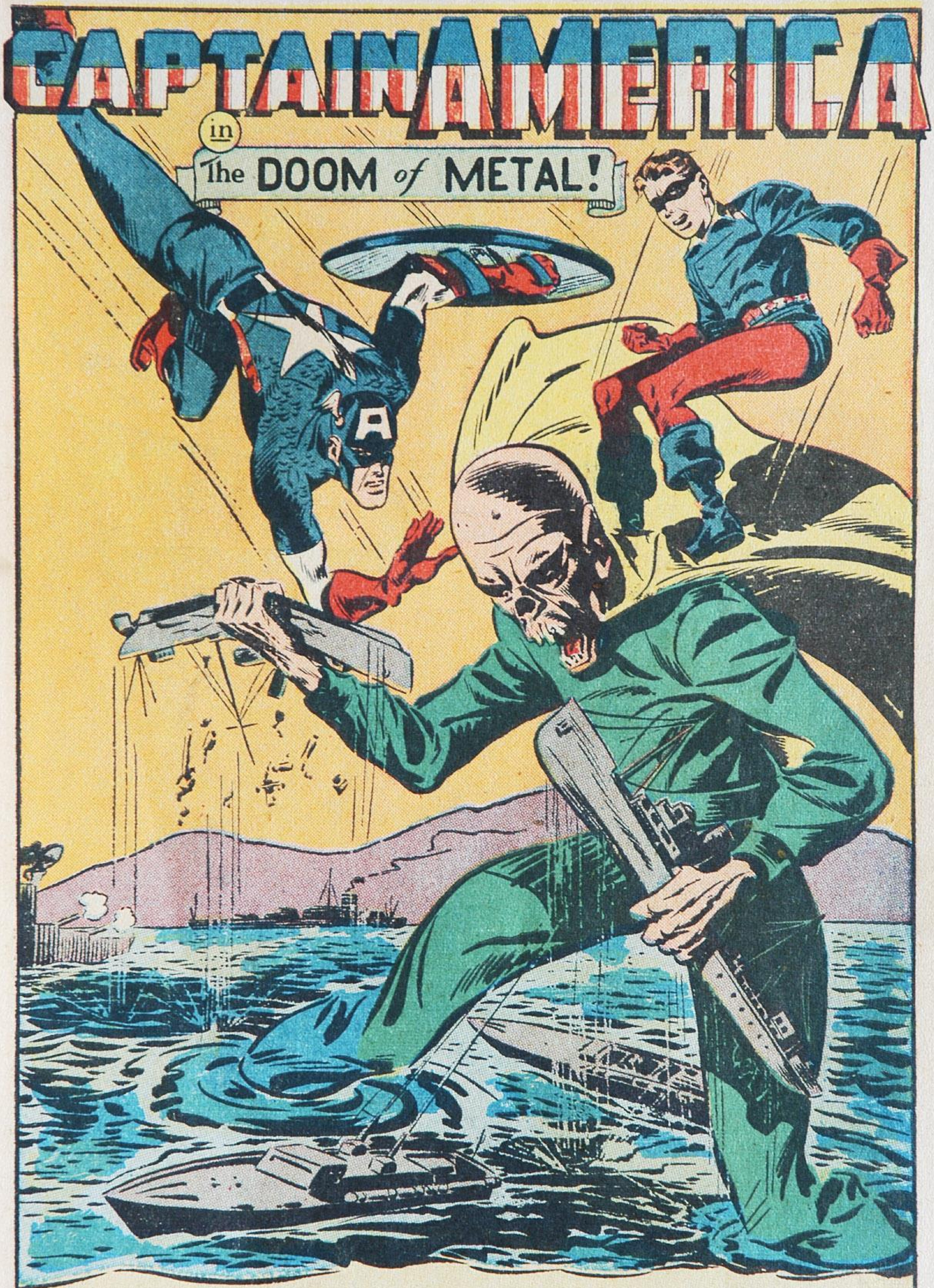
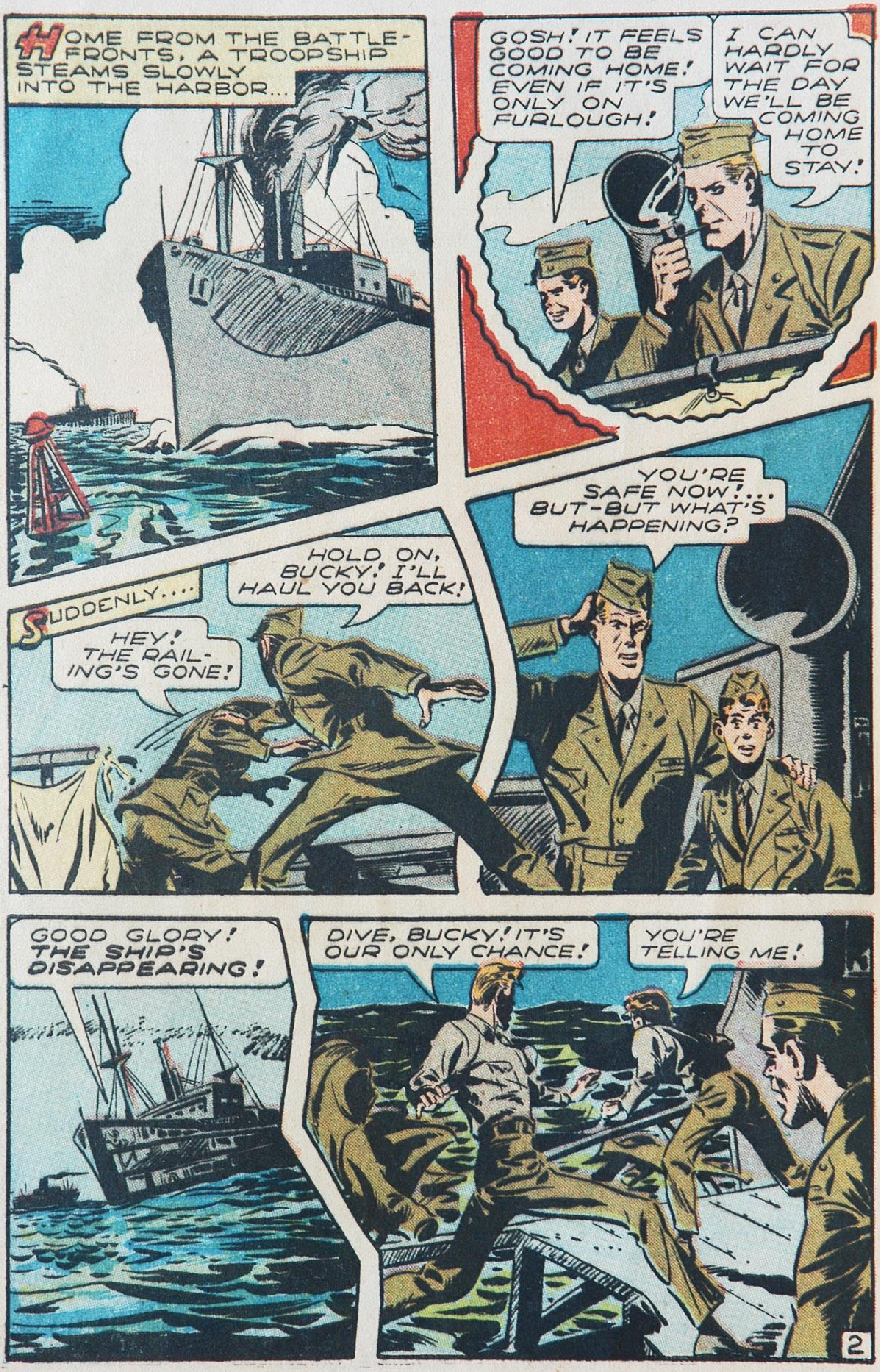
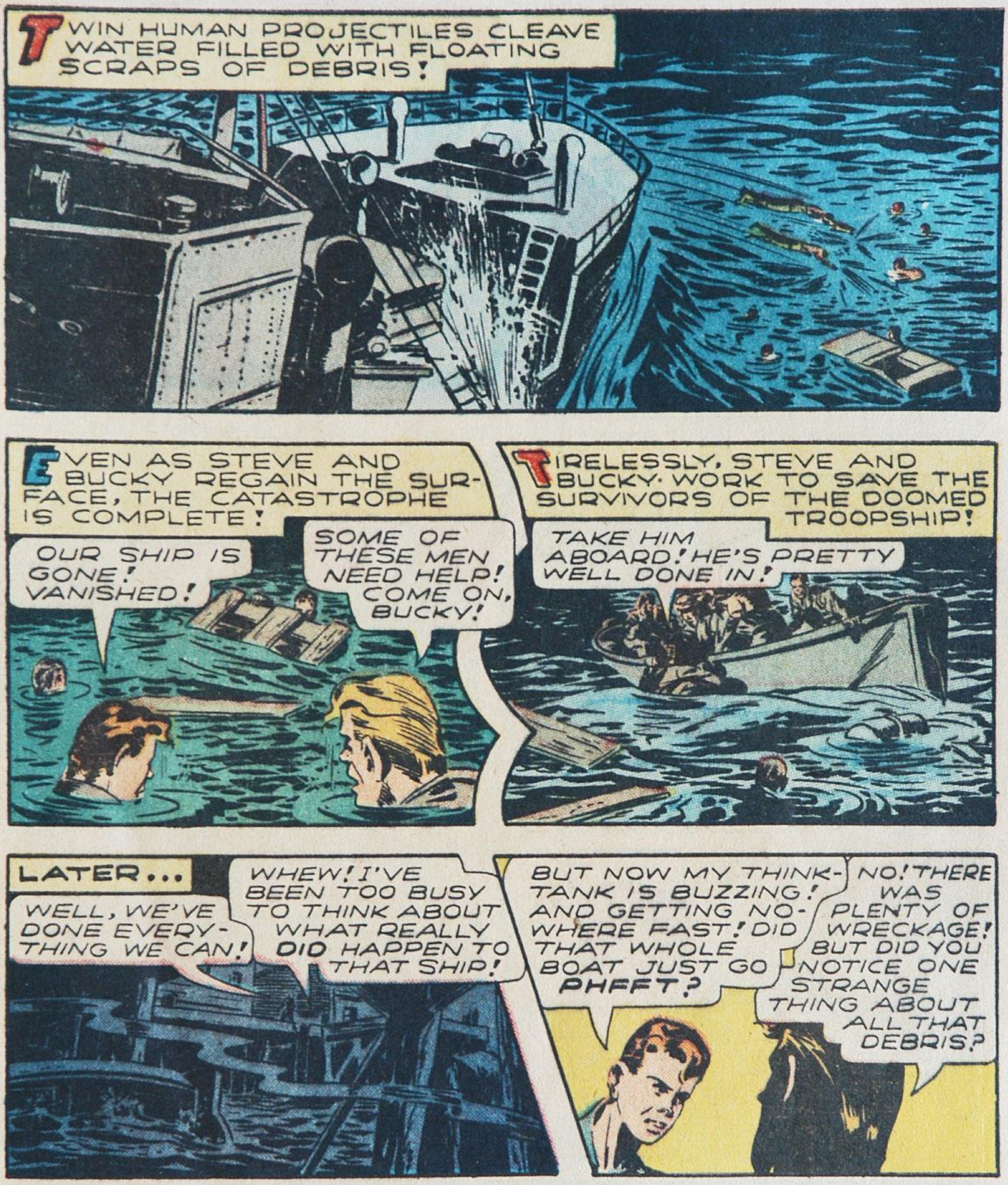
CAPTAIN AMERICA in The DOOM of METAL!

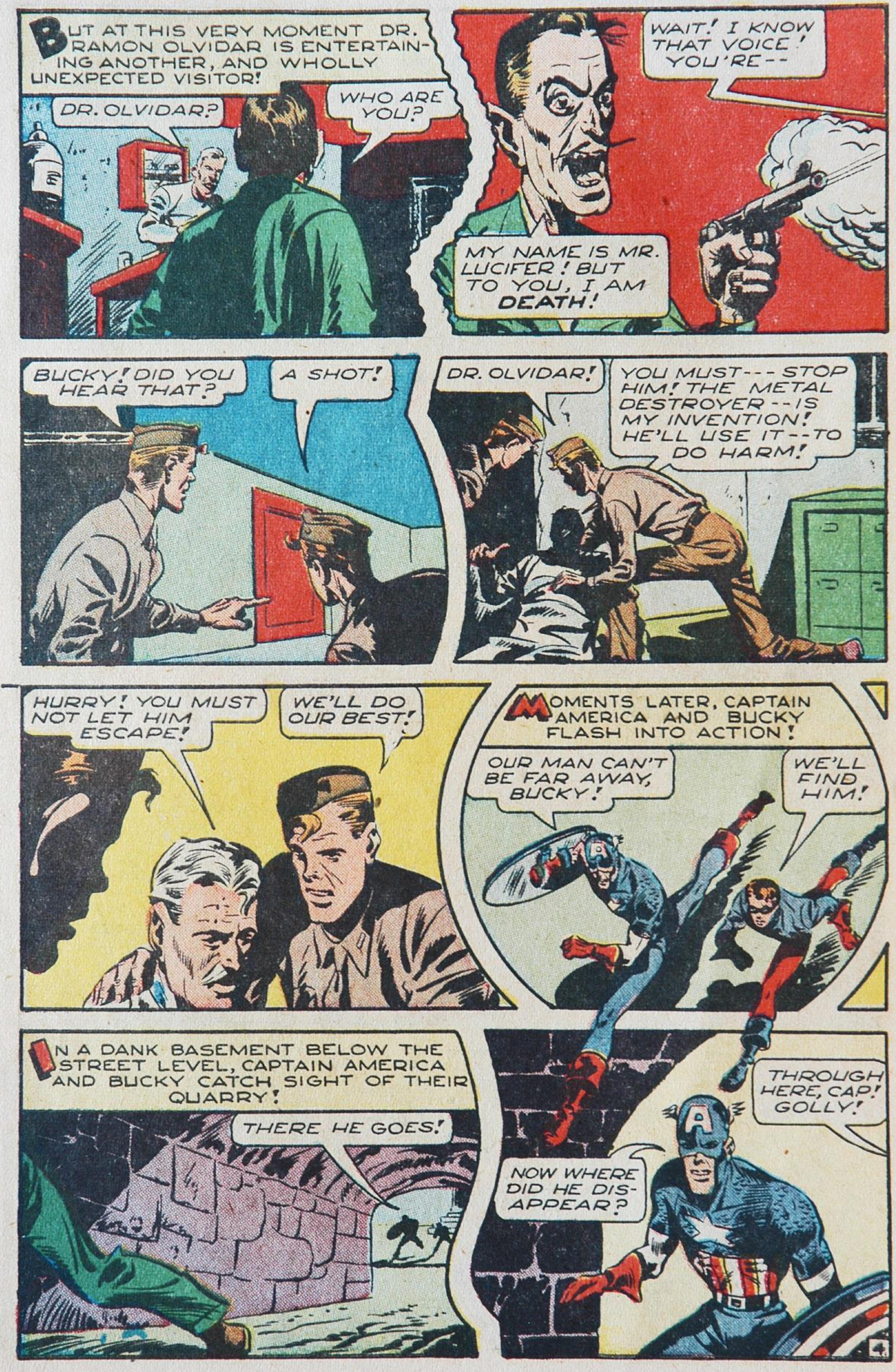


THE WOODEN SHIPS OF COLUMBUS' DAY ARE GONE! A MIGHTY NAVY PATROLS THE FURTHEST OUTPOSTS OF THE SEVEN SEAS.... AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN STAND AGAINST OUR MODERN METAL SHIPS!

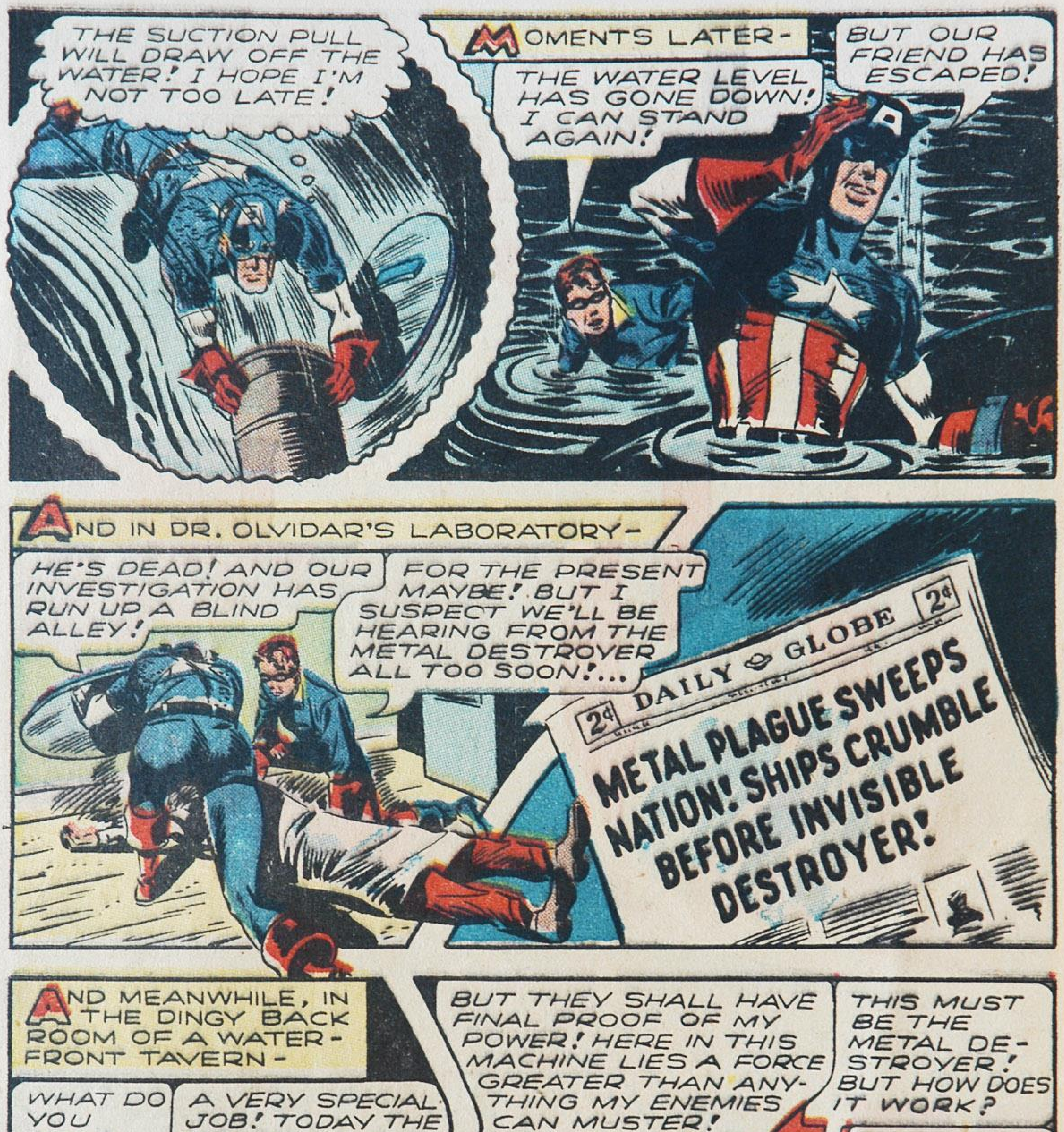
BUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF STEEL AND IRON, THE METAL SINEWS OF BATTLESHIPS, BECAME MORE VULNERABLE THAN THE WEAKEST TIMBER?---IF A DREAD DESTROYER OF METAL APPEAR TO THREATEN OUR MODERN SEA LEVIATHANS?


HOME FROM THE BATTLE-FRONTS, A TROOPSHIP STEAMS SLOWLY INTO THE HARBOR...
GOSH! IT FEELS GOOD TO BE COMING HOME! EVEN IF IT'S ONLY ON FURLOUGH!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR THE DAY WE'LL BE COMING HOME TO STAY!
SUDDENLY....
HOLD ON, BUCKY! I'LL HAUL YOU BACK!
HEY! THE RAILING'S GONE!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW!... BUT-BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING?
GOOD GLORY! THE SHIP'S DISAPPEARING!
DIVE, BUCKY! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!

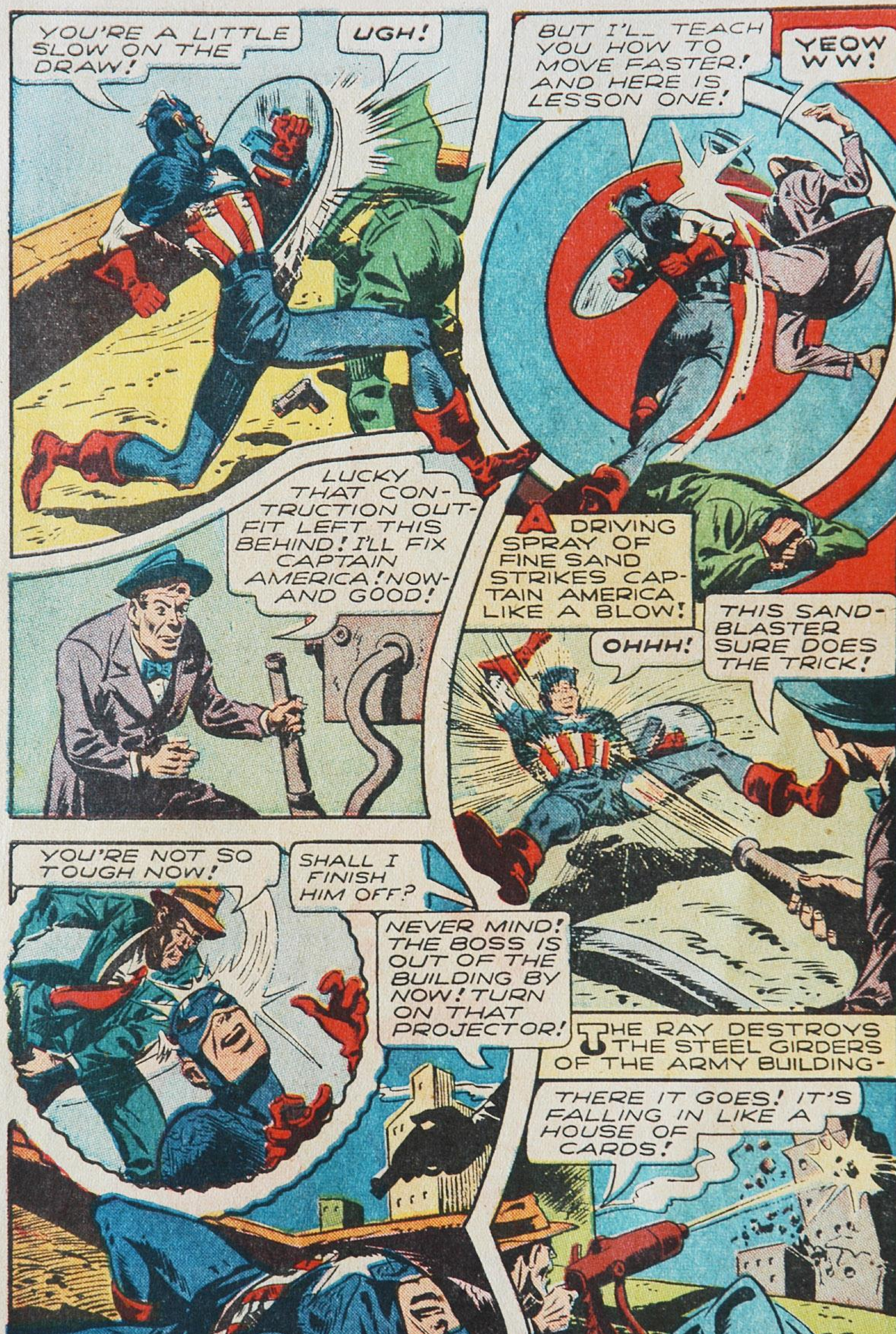

TWIN HUMAN PROJECTILES CLEAVE WATER FILLED WITH FLOATING SCRAPS OF DEBRIS!
EVEN AS STEVE AND BUCKY REGAIN THE SURFACE, THE CATASTROPHE IS COMPLETE!
OUR SHIP IS GONE! VANISHED!
SOME OF THESE MEN NEED HELP! COME ON, BUCKY!
TIRELESSLY, STEVE AND BUCKY WORK TO SAVE THE SURVIVORS OF THE DOOMED TROOPSHIP!
TAKE HIM ABOARD! HE'S PRETTY WELL DONE IN!
LATER...
WELL, WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING WE CAN!
WHEW! I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO THINK ABOUT WHAT REALLY **DID** HAPPEN TO THAT SHIP!
BUT NOW MY THINK-TANK IS BUZZING! AND GETTING NOWHERE FAST! DID THAT WHOLE BOAT JUST GO **PHFFT**?
NO! THERE WAS PLENTY OF WRECKAGE! BUT DID YOU NOTICE ONE STRANGE THING ABOUT ALL THAT DEBRIS?
PARTS OF THE DECK... CRATE BOXES... FOOD AND CLOTHING WERE INTACT! BUT THERE WASN'T EVEN A TINY SCRAP OF METAL! NOTHING AT ALL!
SAY--**EVEN THE METAL BLADE OF MY KNIFE IS GONE!** WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
NOTHING YET! BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO MAY KNOW THE ANSWER! THE FOREMOST METALURGIST IN AMERICA... DR. RAMON OLVIDAR! WE'RE GOING TO PAY HIM A VISIT!

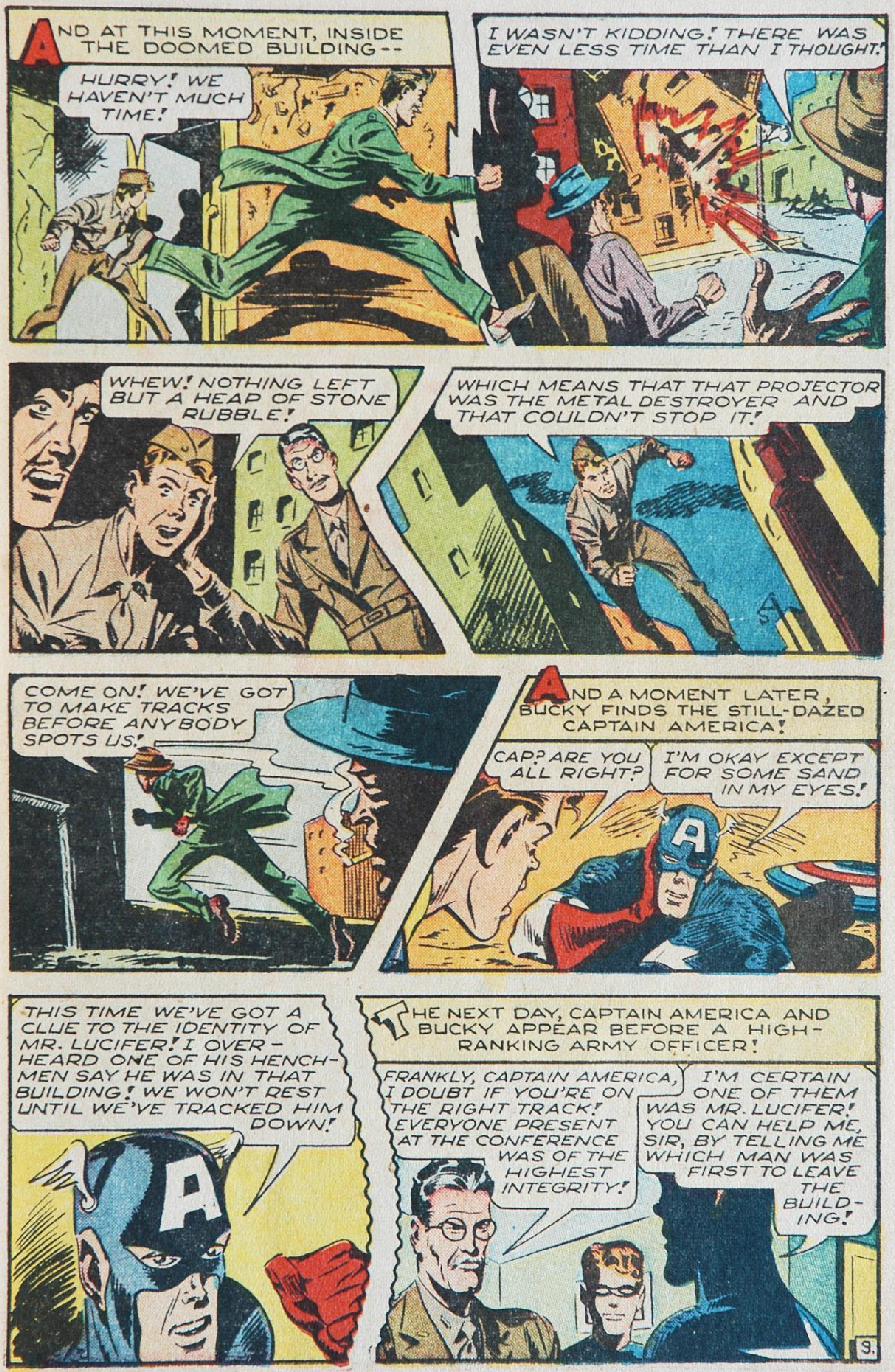

BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT DR. RAMON OLVIDAR IS ENTERTAINING ANOTHER, AND WHOLLY UNEXPECTED VISITOR!
DR. OLVIDAR?
WHO ARE YOU?
WAIT! I KNOW THAT VOICE! YOU'RE--
MY NAME IS MR. LUCIFER! BUT TO YOU, I AM DEATH!
BUCKY! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
A SHOT!
DR. OLVIDAR!
YOU MUST--- STOP HIM! THE METAL DESTROYER --IS MY INVENTION! HE'LL USE IT --TO DO HARM!
HURRY! YOU MUST NOT LET HIM ESCAPE!
WE'LL DO OUR BEST!
MOMENTS LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY FLASH INTO ACTION!
OUR MAN CAN'T BE FAR AWAY, BUCKY!
WE'LL FIND HIM!
IN A DANK BASEMENT BELOW THE STREET LEVEL, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY CATCH SIGHT OF THEIR QUARRY!
THERE HE GOES!
THROUGH HERE, CAP! GOLLY!
NOW WHERE DID HE DISAPPEAR?
4

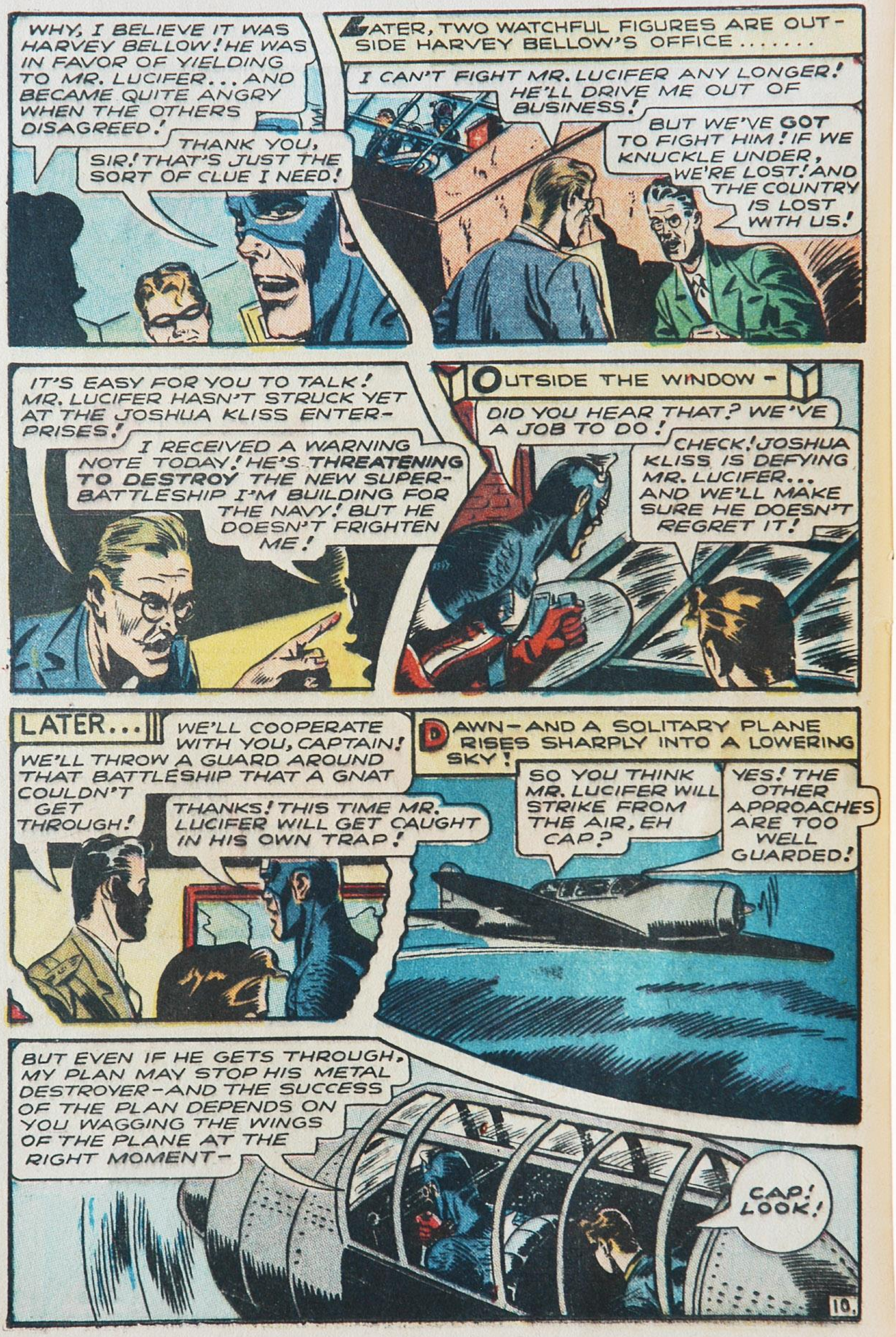
HE TOOK US RIGHT DOWN INTO THE SEWERS!
IT'S A GOOD WAY TO TRAVEL, WHEN YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN! HE'S PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING!
THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME! WELL, THEY'LL GET A SURPRISE!
HA-HA! THE CHANNEL WILL BE FLOODED! THEY'LL DROWN!
CAP! THE WATER'S RISING!
WE'RE TRAPPED! WE CAN'T GO BACK!
STEADILY THE RISING WATER FORCES CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AGAINST THE ROOF—
WAIT! I'M GOING UNDER FOR A LOOK!
I CAN'T KEEP UP MUCH LONGER!
POWERFUL STROKES CARRY CAPTAIN AMERICA BENEATH THE SURFACE... SUPERBLY TRAINED MUSCLES RESIST THE SAVAGE PULL OF THE CURRENT—
I THOUGHT SO! THERE **HAD** TO BE AN EXIT VALVE!

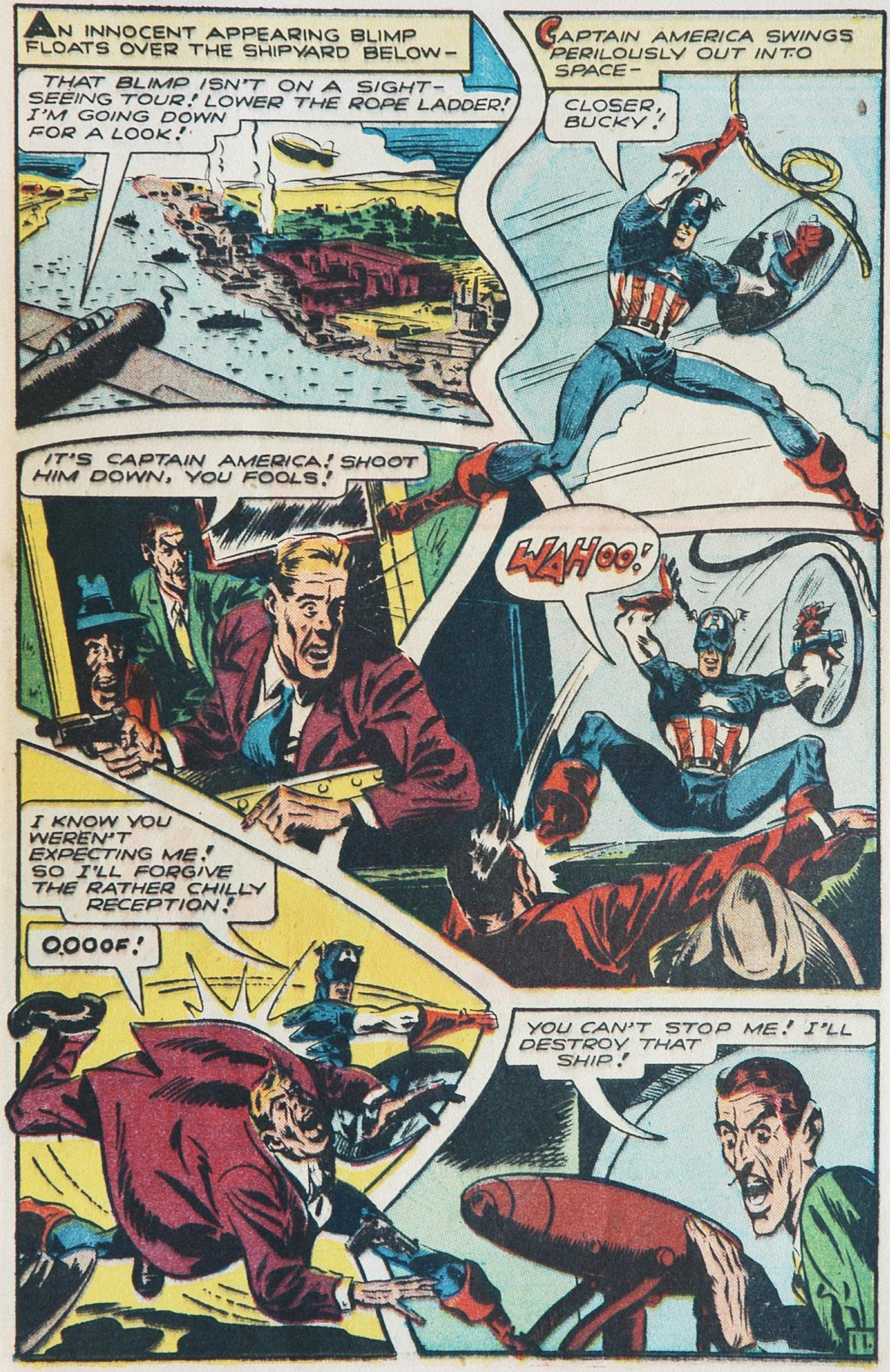

THE SUCTION PULL WILL DRAW OFF THE WATER! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
MOMENTS LATER-
THE WATER LEVEL HAS GONE DOWN! I CAN STAND AGAIN!
BUT OUR FRIEND HAS ESCAPED!
AND IN DR. OLVIDAR'S LABORATORY-
HE'S DEAD! AND OUR INVESTIGATION HAS RUN UP A BLIND ALLEY!
FOR THE PRESENT MAYBE! BUT I SUSPECT WE'LL BE HEARING FROM THE METAL DESTROYER ALL TOO SOON!...
2¢ DAILY GLOBE 2¢
METAL PLAGUE SWEEPS NATION! SHIPS CRUMBLE BEFORE INVISIBLE DESTROYER!
AND MEANWHILE, IN THE DINGY BACK ROOM OF A WATER-FRONT TAVERN -
WHAT DO YOU WANT US FOR, MR. LUCIFER?
A VERY SPECIAL JOB! TODAY THE HEADS OF THE ARMY CONFER WITH LEADING INDUSTRIALISTS! THEY SEEK A WAY TO DEFEAT ME!
BUT THEY SHALL HAVE FINAL PROOF OF MY POWER! HERE IN THIS MACHINE LIES A FORCE GREATER THAN ANYTHING MY ENEMIES CAN MUSTER! YOU WILL USE IT TO DESTROY THEM!
THIS MUST BE THE METAL DESTROYER! BUT HOW DOES IT WORK?
BY SEPARATING THE MOLECULES OF ANY METAL! DIFFUSED, THE METAL MOLECULES BECOME LIKE THOSE OF THE AIR ITSELF! TO THE NAKED EYE, THEY NO LONGER EXIST!

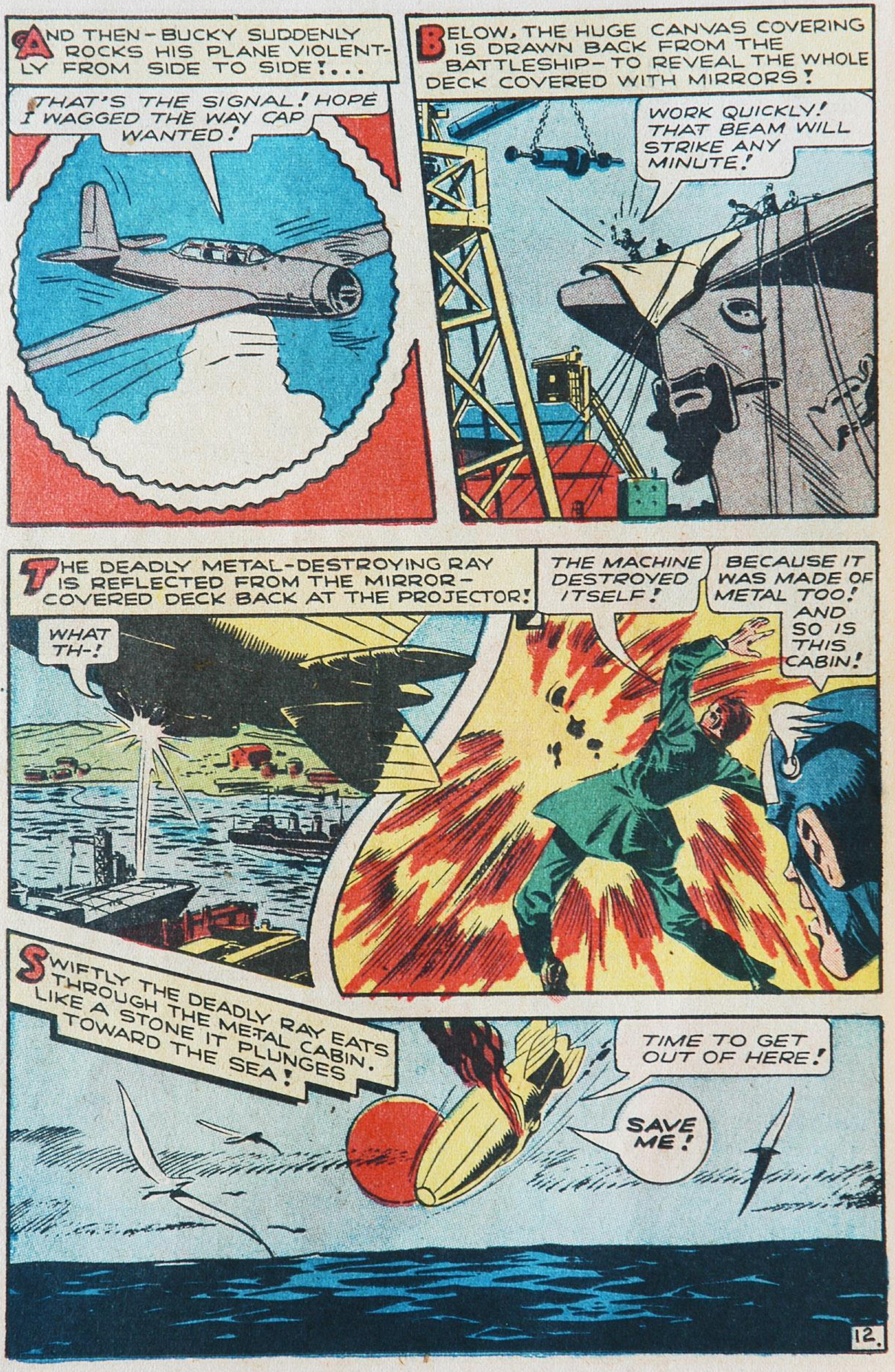
NOW I TRUST I HAVE ANSWERED ALL YOUR QUESTIONS!
AAAH!
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU! YOU DO NOT QUESTION! YOU ONLY OBEY!
Y-YES, MR. LUCIFER!
DESPERATELY SEEKING TO COMBAT MR. LUCIFER, THE ARMY CALLS A CONVENTION OF LEADING INDUSTRIALISTS ---
MY NAME IS HARVEY BELLOW! AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, JOSHUA KLISS! WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO THE CONFERENCE!
YOUR PASSES ARE IN ORDER! YOU MAY GO IN!
U.S. ARMY
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT IN THERE, STEVE?
SAY! LOOK OVER THERE!
A GLEAM OF LIGHT CATCHES STEVE ROGER'S EYE ---
A PROJECTOR'S ON THE ROOF OF THAT BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION!
THAT WOULDN'T BE **MR. LUCIFER**, BY ANY CHANCE!
A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME AND ---
GET EVERYBODY OUT OF THAT BUILDING! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK!
RIGHT!
AJAX CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU LOOK STARTLED, MY FRIEND!

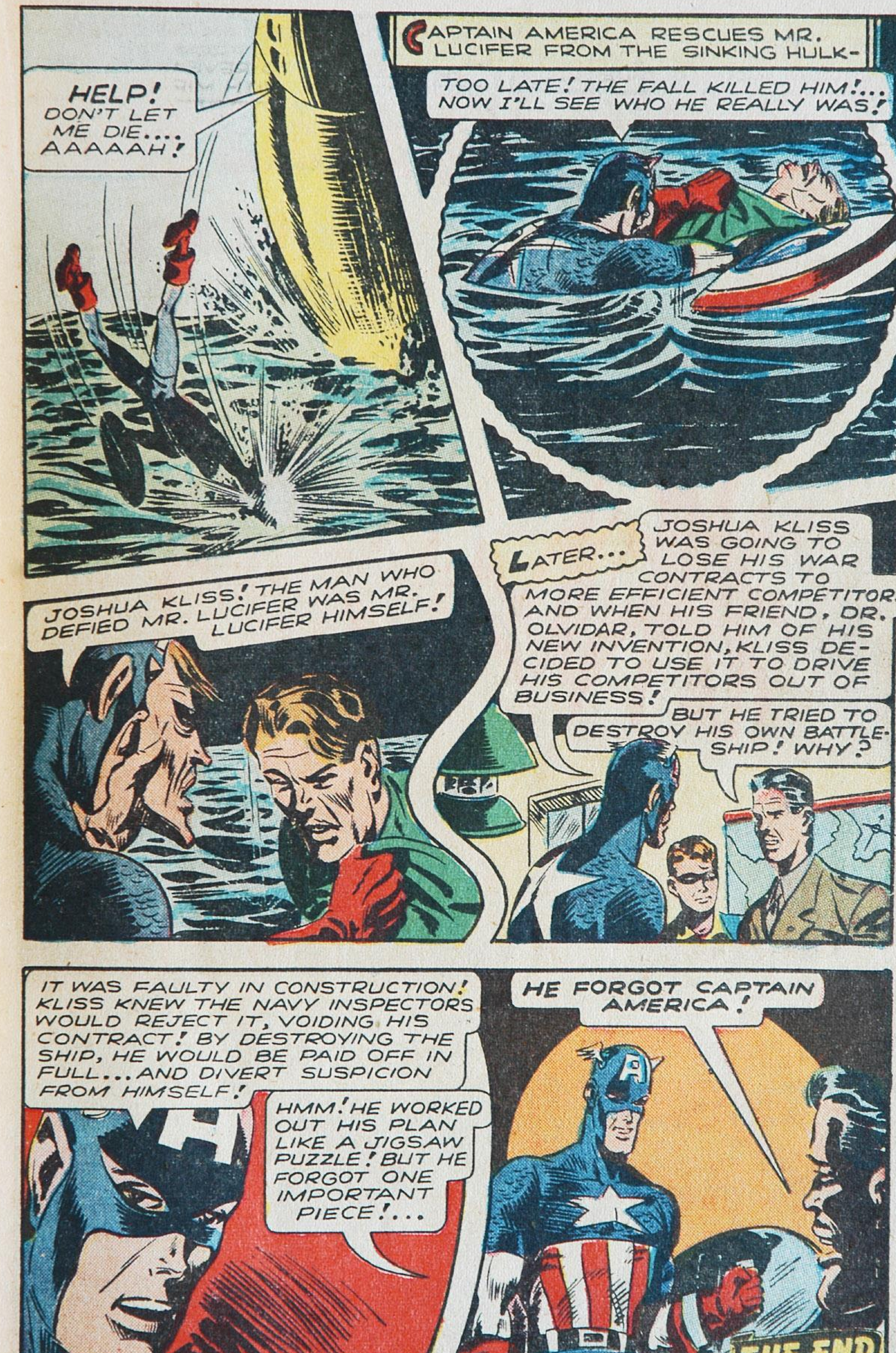

YOU'RE A LITTLE SLOW ON THE DRAW!
UGH!
BUT I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO MOVE FASTER! AND HERE IS LESSON ONE!
YEOWWW!
LUCKY THAT CONTRUCTION OUTFIT LEFT THIS BEHIND! I'LL FIX CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW-AND GOOD!
A DRIVING SPRAY OF FINE SAND STRIKES CAPTAIN AMERICA LIKE A BLOW!
OHHH!
THIS SANDBLASTER SURE DOES THE TRICK!
YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH NOW!
SHALL I FINISH HIM OFF?
NEVER MIND! THE BOSS IS OUT OF THE BUILDING BY NOW! TURN ON THAT PROJECTOR!
THE RAY DESTROYS THE STEEL GIRDERS OF THE ARMY BUILDING-
THERE IT GOES! IT'S FALLING IN LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS!


AND AT THIS MOMENT, INSIDE THE DOOMED BUILDING--
HURRY! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
I WASN'T KIDDING! THERE WAS EVEN LESS TIME THAN I THOUGHT!
WHEW! NOTHING LEFT BUT A HEAP OF STONE RUBBLE!
WHICH MEANS THAT THAT PROJECTOR WAS THE METAL DESTROYER AND THAT COULDN'T STOP IT!
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE TRACKS BEFORE ANYBODY SPOTS US!
AND A MOMENT LATER, BUCKY FINDS THE STILL-DAZED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAP? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I'M OKAY EXCEPT FOR SOME SAND IN MY EYES!
THIS TIME WE'VE GOT A CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF MR. LUCIFER! I OVERHEARD ONE OF HIS HENCHMEN SAY HE WAS IN THAT BUILDING! WE WON'T REST UNTIL WE'VE TRACKED HIM DOWN!
THE NEXT DAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY APPEAR BEFORE A HIGH-RANKING ARMY OFFICER!
FRANKLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA, I DOUBT IF YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! EVERYONE PRESENT AT THE CONFERENCE WAS OF THE HIGHEST INTEGRITY!
I'M CERTAIN ONE OF THEM WAS MR. LUCIFER! YOU CAN HELP ME, SIR, BY TELLING ME WHICH MAN WAS FIRST TO LEAVE THE BUILDING!


WHY, I BELIEVE IT WAS HARVEY BELLOW! HE WAS IN FAVOR OF YIELDING TO MR. LUCIFER... AND BECAME QUITE ANGRY WHEN THE OTHERS DISAGREED!
THANK YOU, SIR! THAT'S JUST THE SORT OF CLUE I NEED!
LATER, TWO WATCHFUL FIGURES ARE OUTSIDE HARVEY BELLOW'S OFFICE.......
I CAN'T FIGHT MR. LUCIFER ANY LONGER! HE'LL DRIVE ME OUT OF BUSINESS!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT HIM! IF WE KNUCKLE UNDER, WE'RE LOST! AND THE COUNTRY IS LOST WITH US!
IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO TALK! MR. LUCIFER HASN'T STRUCK YET AT THE JOSHUA KLISS ENTERPRISES!
I RECEIVED A WARNING NOTE TODAY! HE'S THREATENING TO DESTROY THE NEW SUPER-BATTLESHIP I'M BUILDING FOR THE NAVY! BUT HE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME!
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW -
DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE'VE A JOB TO DO!
CHECK! JOSHUA KLISS IS DEFYING MR. LUCIFER... AND WE'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T REGRET IT!
LATER...
WE'LL COOPERATE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN! WE'LL THROW A GUARD AROUND THAT BATTLESHIP THAT A GNAT COULDN'T GET THROUGH!
THANKS! THIS TIME MR. LUCIFER WILL GET CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP!
DAWN - AND A SOLITARY PLANE RISES SHARPLY INTO A LOWERING SKY!
SO YOU THINK MR. LUCIFER WILL STRIKE FROM THE AIR, EH CAP?
YES! THE OTHER APPROACHES ARE TOO WELL GUARDED!
BUT EVEN IF HE GETS THROUGH, MY PLAN MAY STOP HIS METAL DESTROYER - AND THE SUCCESS OF THE PLAN DEPENDS ON YOU WAGGING THE WINGS OF THE PLANE AT THE RIGHT MOMENT -
CAP! LOOK!

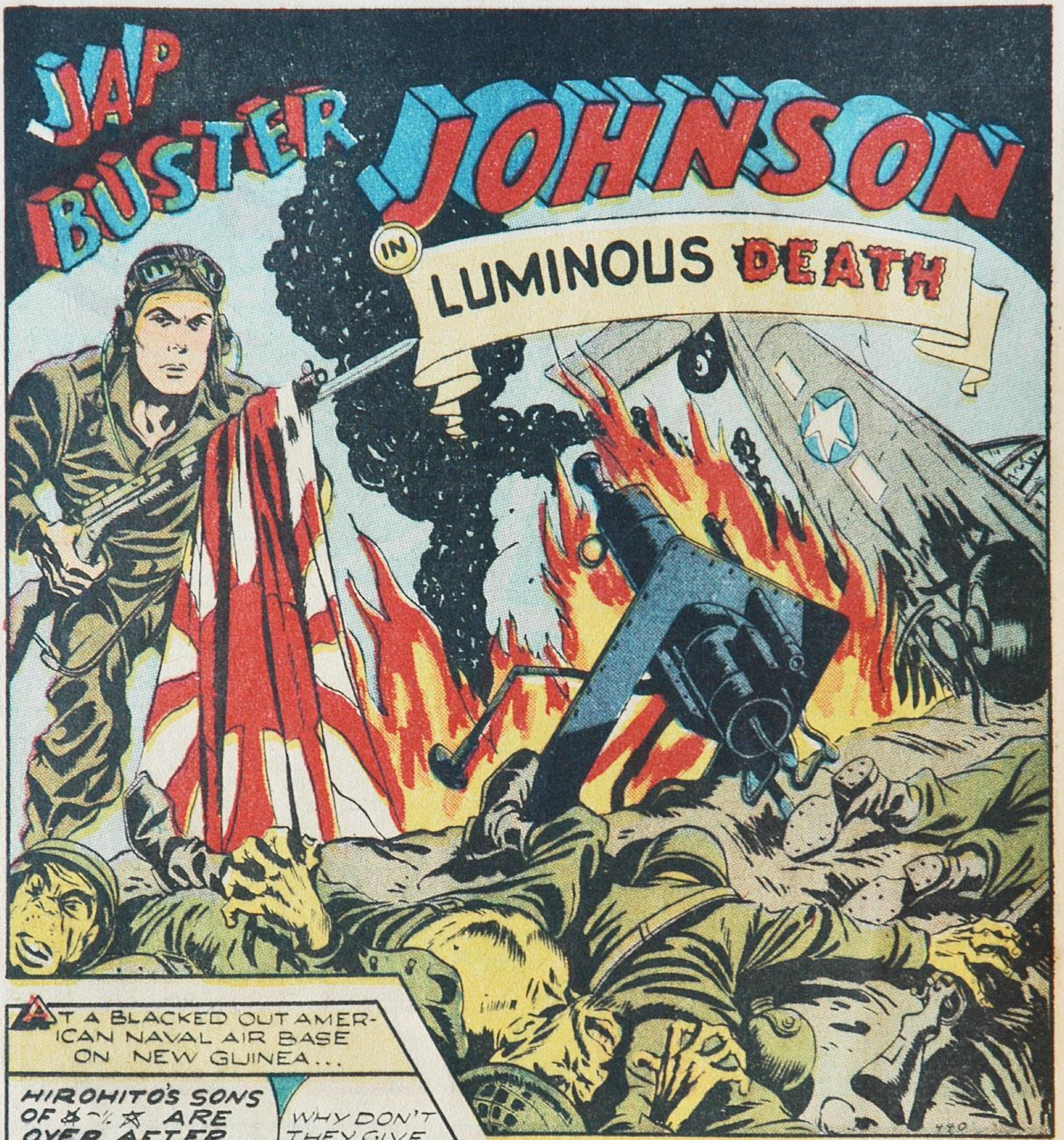

AN INNOCENT APPEARING BLIMP FLOATS OVER THE SHIPYARD BELOW—
THAT BLIMP ISN'T ON A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR! LOWER THE ROPE LADDER! I'M GOING DOWN FOR A LOOK!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SWINGS PERILOUSLY OUT INTO SPACE—
CLOSER, BUCKY!
IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! SHOOT HIM DOWN, YOU FOOLS!
WAHOO!
I KNOW YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING ME! SO I'LL FORGIVE THE RATHER CHILLY RECEPTION!
OOOOF!
YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL DESTROY THAT SHIP!
11


AND THEN—BUCKY SUDDENLY ROCKS HIS PLANE VIOLENTLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE!...
THAT'S THE SIGNAL! HOPE I WAGGED THE WAY CAP WANTED!
BELOW, THE HUGE CANVAS COVERING IS DRAWN BACK FROM THE BATTLESHIP—TO REVEAL THE WHOLE DECK COVERED WITH MIRRORS!
WORK QUICKLY! THAT BEAM WILL STRIKE ANY MINUTE!
THE DEADLY METAL-DESTROYING RAY IS REFLECTED FROM THE MIRROR-COVERED DECK BACK AT THE PROJECTOR!
WHAT TH-!
THE MACHINE DESTROYED ITSELF!
BECAUSE IT WAS MADE OF METAL TOO! AND SO IS THIS CABIN!
SWIFTLY THE DEADLY RAY EATS THROUGH THE METAL CABIN. LIKE A STONE IT PLUNGES TOWARD THE SEA!
TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE!
SAVE ME!

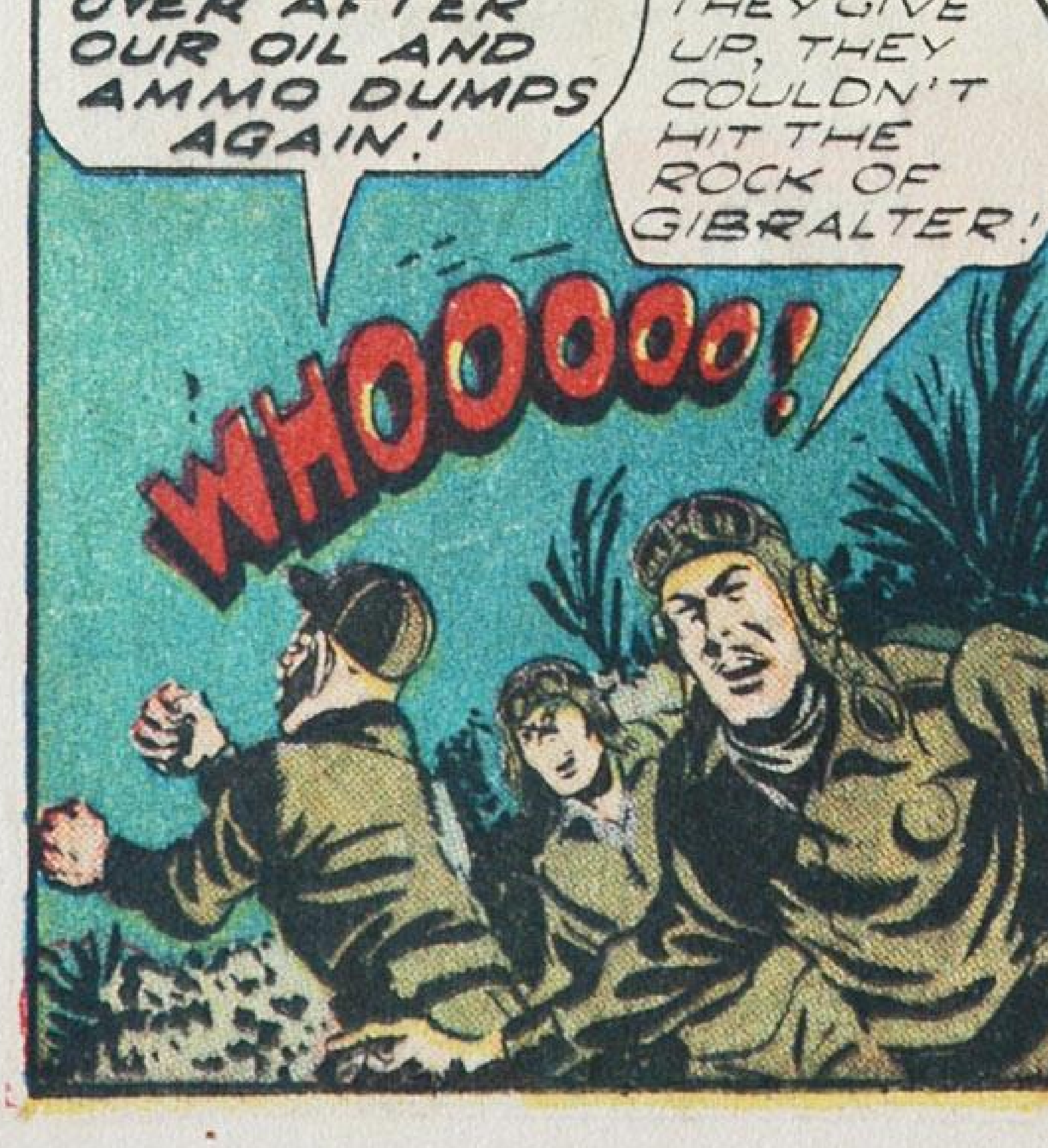

HELP! DON'T LET ME DIE.... AAAAAH!
CAPTAIN AMERICA RESCUES MR. LUCIFER FROM THE SINKING HULK-
TOO LATE! THE FALL KILLED HIM!... NOW I'LL SEE WHO HE REALLY WAS!
JOSHUA KLISS! THE MAN WHO DEFIED MR. LUCIFER WAS MR. LUCIFER HIMSELF!
LATER...
JOSHUA KLISS WAS GOING TO LOSE HIS WAR CONTRACTS TO MORE EFFICIENT COMPETITORS, AND WHEN HIS FRIEND, DR. OLVIDAR, TOLD HIM OF HIS NEW INVENTION, KLISS DECIDED TO USE IT TO DRIVE HIS COMPETITORS OUT OF BUSINESS!
BUT HE TRIED TO DESTROY HIS OWN BATTLESHIP! WHY?
IT WAS FAULTY IN CONSTRUCTION! KLISS KNEW THE NAVY INSPECTORS WOULD REJECT IT, VOIDING HIS CONTRACT! BY DESTROYING THE SHIP, HE WOULD BE PAID OFF IN FULL... AND DIVERT SUSPICION FROM HIMSELF!
HMM! HE WORKED OUT HIS PLAN LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE! BUT HE FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT PIECE!...
HE FORGOT CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THE END

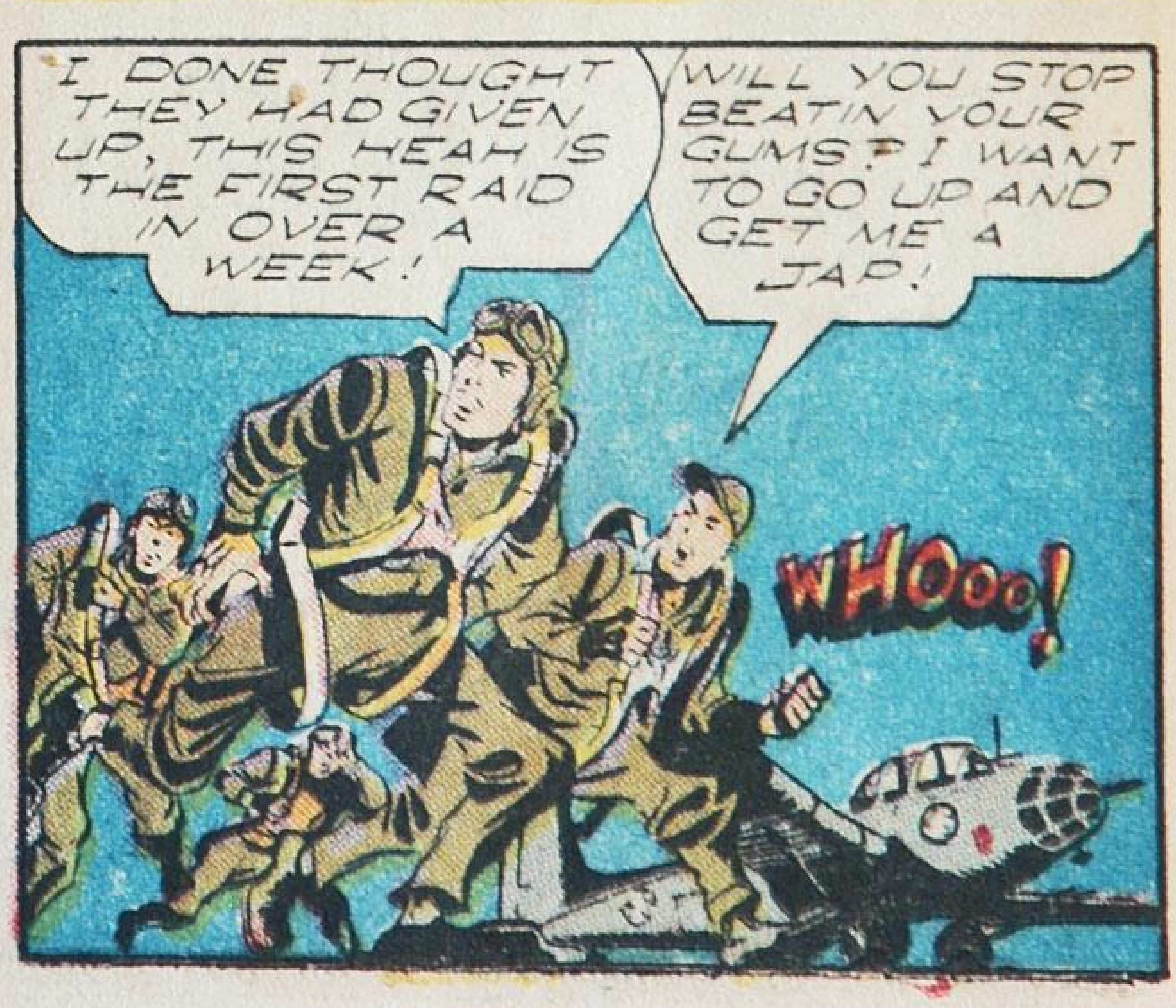
JAP BUSTER JOHNSON

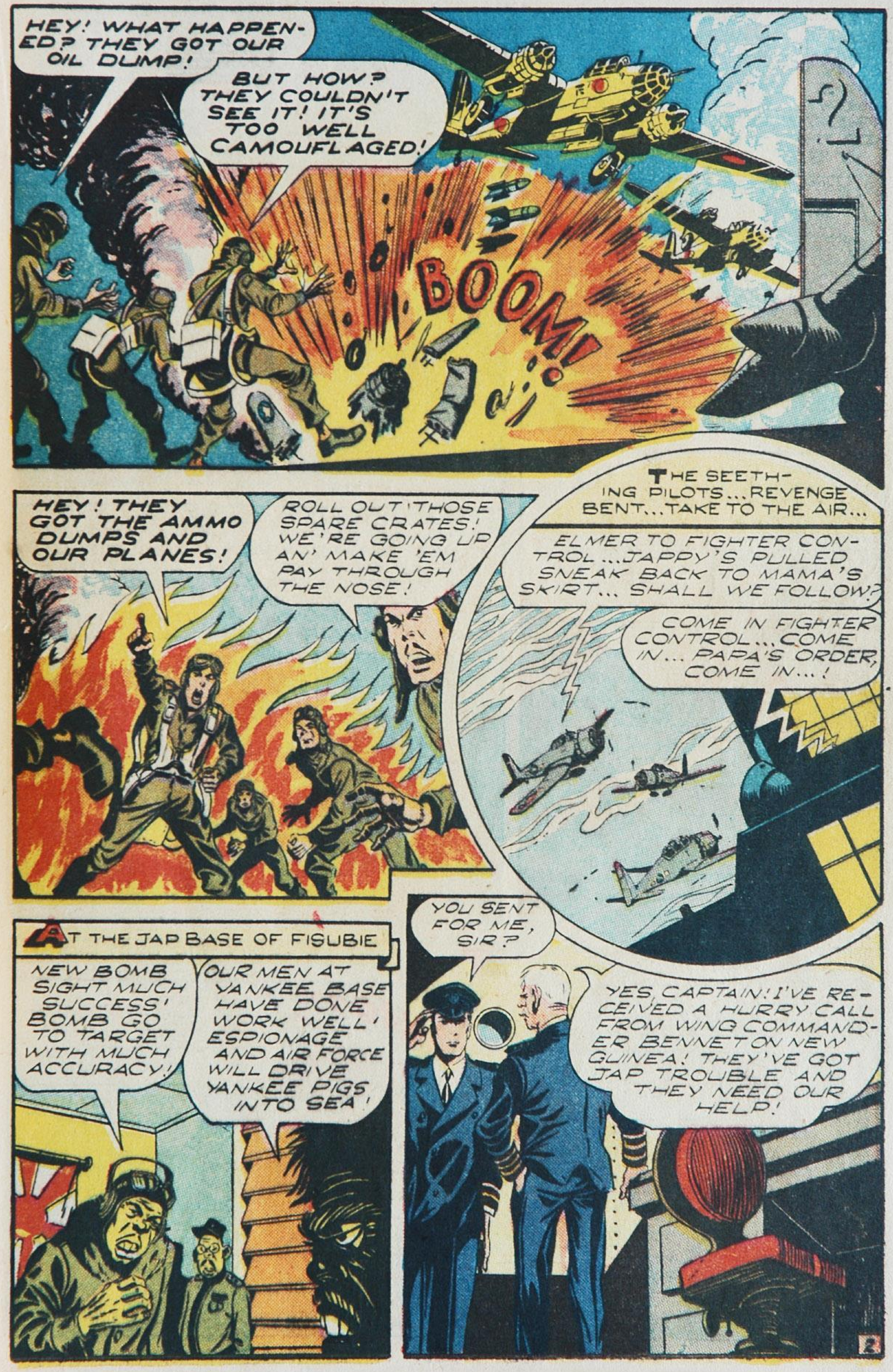
IN LUMINOUS DEATH

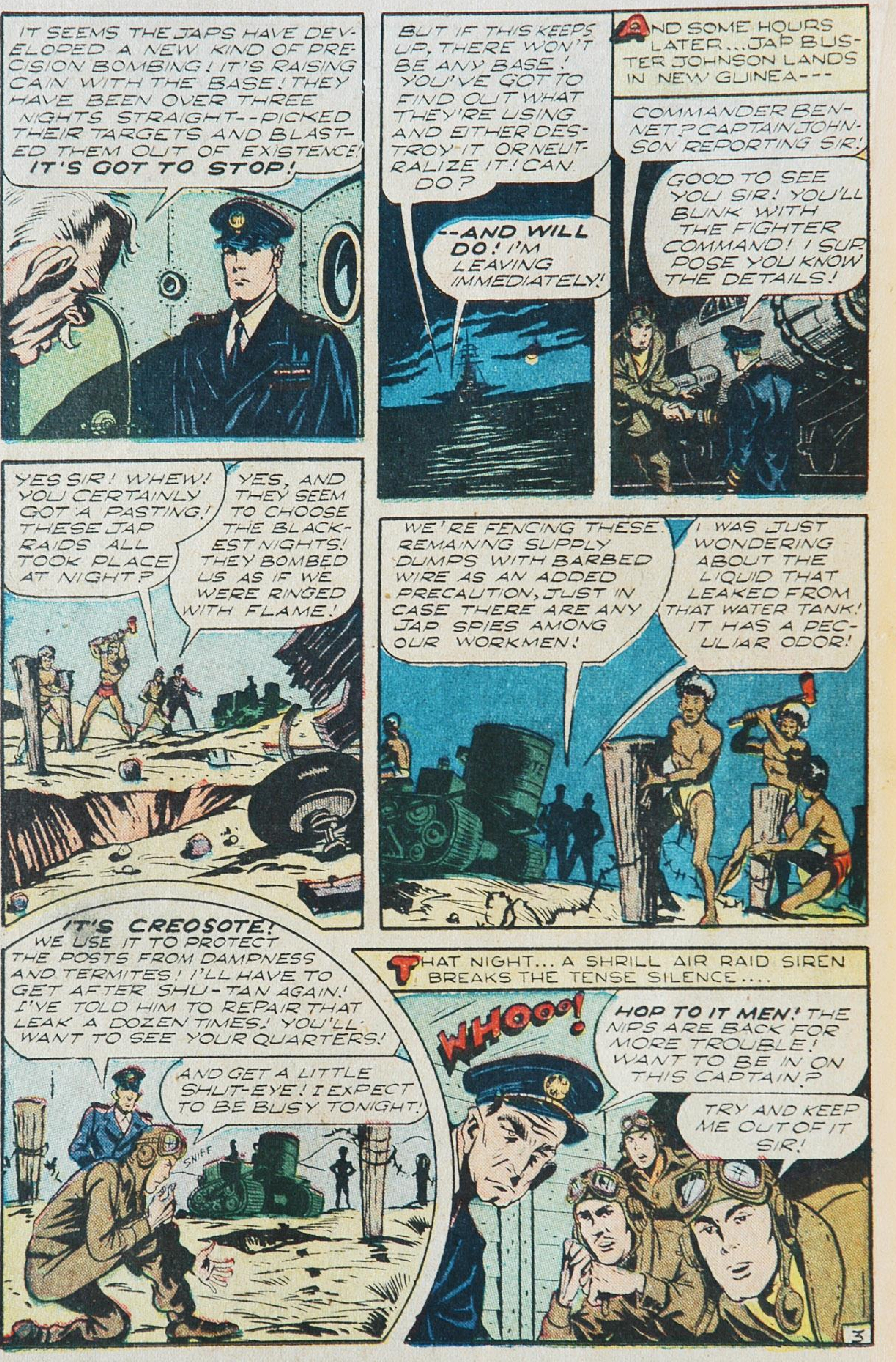


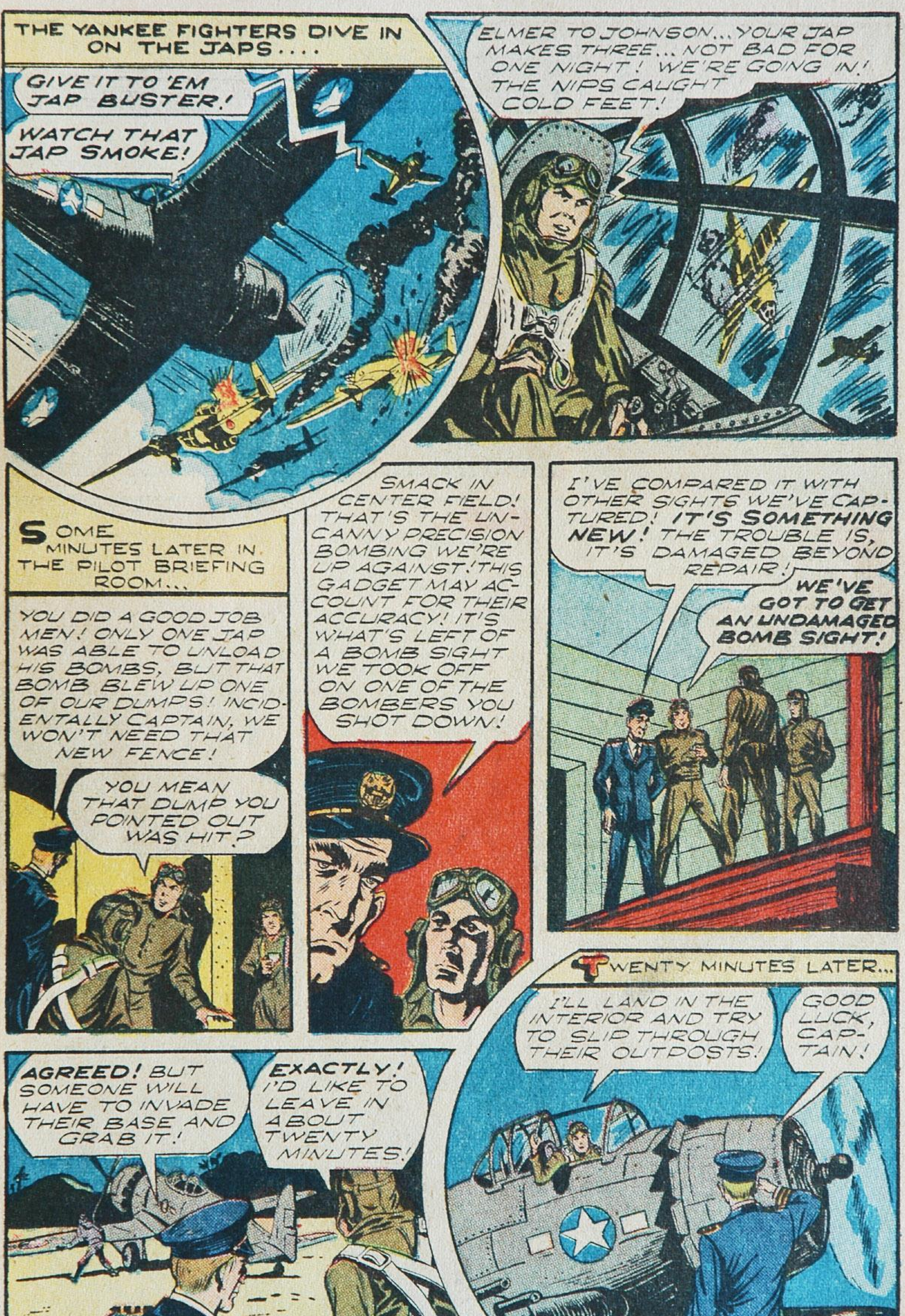
AT A BLACKED OUT AMERICAN NAVAL AIR BASE ON NEW GUINEA...

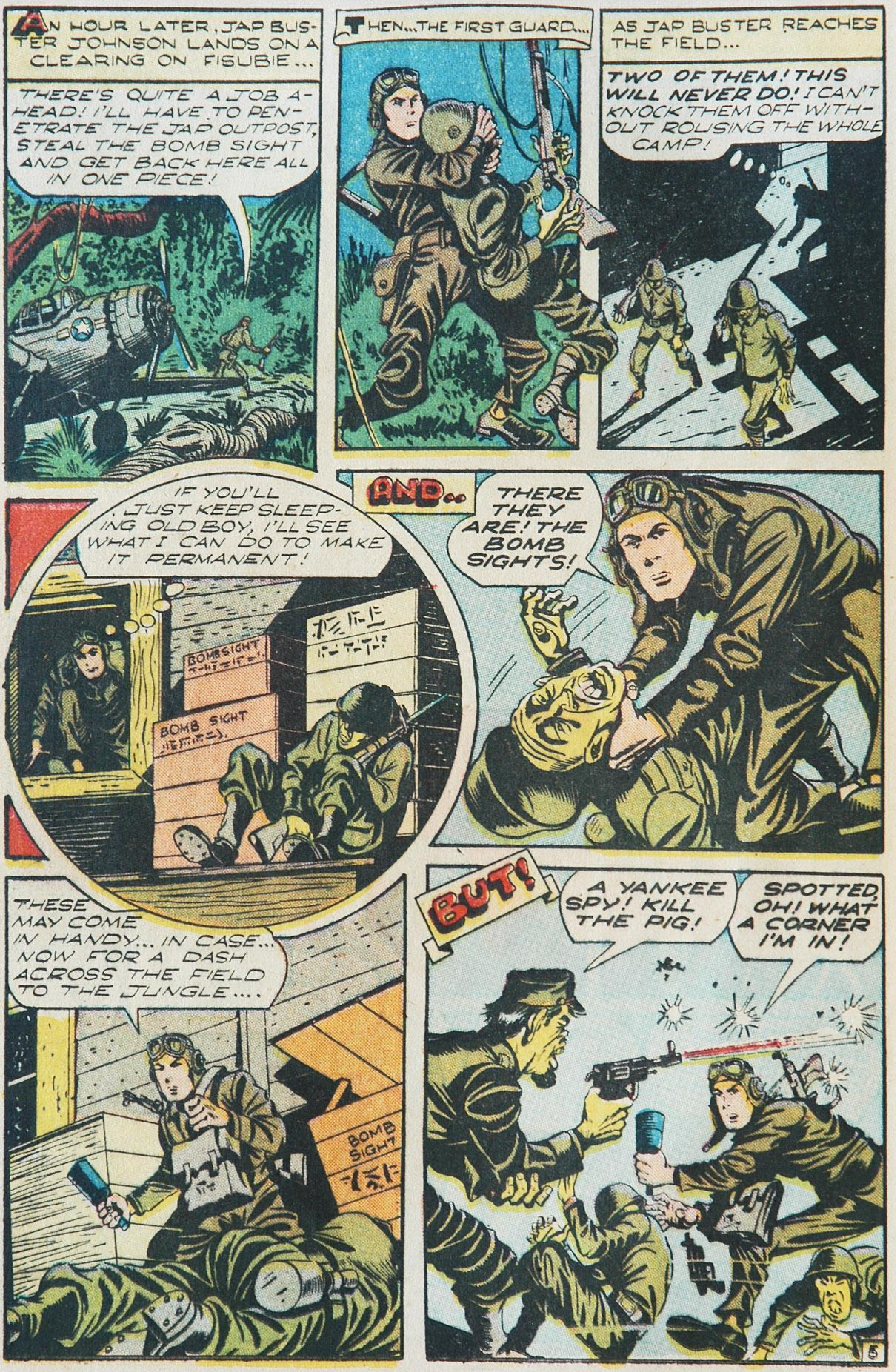

HIROHITO'S SONS OF ☆-% ☆ ARE OVER AFTER OUR OIL AND AMMO DUMPS AGAIN!
WHY DON'T THEY GIVE UP, THEY COULDN'T HIT THE ROCK OF GIBRALTER!
WHOOOOO!


I DONE THOUGHT THEY HAD GIVEN UP, THIS HEAH IS THE FIRST RAID IN OVER A WEEK!
WILL YOU STOP BEATIN YOUR GUMS? I WANT TO GO UP AND GET ME A JAP!
WHOOO!

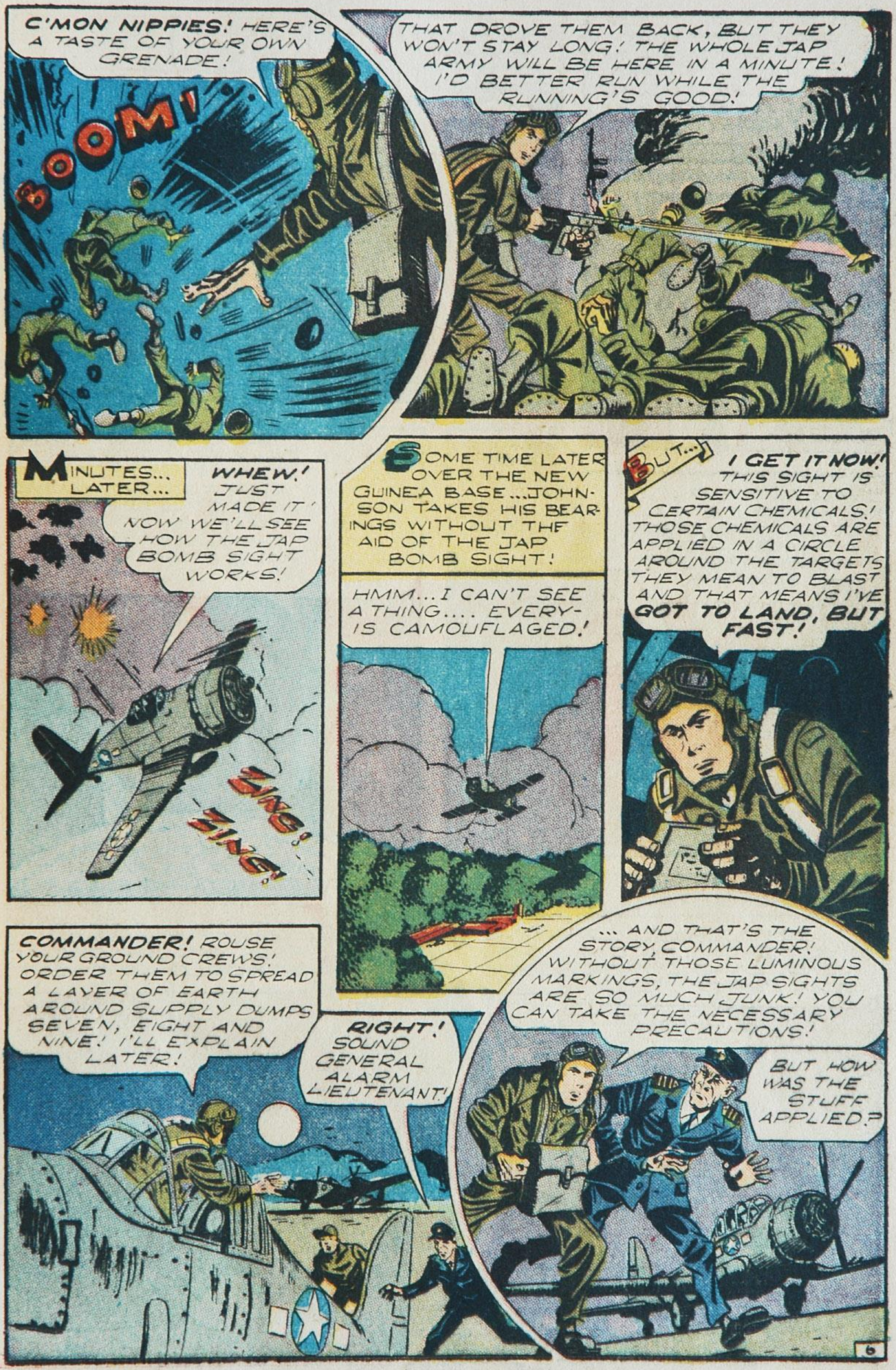

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THEY GOT OUR OIL DUMP!
BUT HOW? THEY COULDN'T SEE IT! IT'S TOO WELL CAMOUFLAGED!
BOOM!
HEY! THEY GOT THE AMMO DUMPS AND OUR PLANES!
ROLL OUT THOSE SPARE CRATES! WE'RE GOING UP AN' MAKE 'EM PAY THROUGH THE NOSE!
THE SEETHING PILOTS... REVENGE BENT... TAKE TO THE AIR...
ELMER TO FIGHTER CONTROL... JAPPY'S PULLED SNEAK BACK TO MAMA'S SKIRT... SHALL WE FOLLOW?
COME IN FIGHTER CONTROL... COME IN... PAPA'S ORDER, COME IN...!
AT THE JAP BASE OF FISUBIE
NEW BOMB SIGHT MUCH SUCCESS! BOMB GO TO TARGET WITH MUCH ACCURACY!
OUR MEN AT YANKEE BASE HAVE DONE WORK WELL! ESPIONAGE AND AIR FORCE WILL DRIVE YANKEE PIGS INTO SEA!
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
YES, CAPTAIN! I'VE RECEIVED A HURRY CALL FROM WING COMMANDER BENNET ON NEW GUINEA! THEY'VE GOT JAP TROUBLE AND THEY NEED OUR HELP!


IT SEEMS THE JAPS HAVE DEVELOPED A NEW KIND OF PRECISION BOMBING! IT'S RAISING CAIN WITH THE BASE! THEY HAVE BEEN OVER THREE NIGHTS STRAIGHT--PICKED THEIR TARGETS AND BLASTED THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE! **IT'S GOT TO STOP!**
BUT IF THIS KEEPS UP, THERE WON'T BE ANY BASE! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE USING AND EITHER DESTROY IT OR NEUTRALIZE IT! CAN DO?
--AND WILL DO! I'M LEAVING IMMEDIATELY!
AND SOME HOURS LATER...JAP BUSTER JOHNSON LANDS IN NEW GUINEA---
COMMANDER BENNET? CAPTAIN JOHNSON REPORTING SIR!
GOOD TO SEE YOU SIR! YOU'LL BUNK WITH THE FIGHTER COMMAND! I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THE DETAILS!
YES SIR! WHEW! YOU CERTAINLY GOT A PASTING! THESE JAP RAIDS ALL TOOK PLACE AT NIGHT?
YES, AND THEY SEEM TO CHOOSE THE BLACKEST NIGHTS! THEY BOMBED US AS IF WE WERE RINGED WITH FLAME!
WE'RE FENCING THESE REMAINING SUPPLY DUMPS WITH BARBED WIRE AS AN ADDED PRECAUTION, JUST IN CASE THERE ARE ANY JAP SPIES AMONG OUR WORKMEN!
I WAS JUST WONDERING ABOUT THE LIQUID THAT LEAKED FROM THAT WATER TANK! IT HAS A PECULIAR ODOR!
IT'S CREOSOTE! WE USE IT TO PROTECT THE POSTS FROM DAMPNESS AND TERMITES! I'LL HAVE TO GET AFTER SHU-TAN AGAIN! I'VE TOLD HIM TO REPAIR THAT LEAK A DOZEN TIMES! YOU'LL WANT TO SEE YOUR QUARTERS!
AND GET A LITTLE SHUT-EYE! I EXPECT TO BE BUSY TONIGHT!
SNIFF
THAT NIGHT... A SHRILL AIR RAID SIREN BREAKS THE TENSE SILENCE....
WHOOO!
HOP TO IT MEN! THE NIPS ARE BACK FOR MORE TROUBLE! WANT TO BE IN ON THIS CAPTAIN?
TRY AND KEEP ME OUT OF IT SIR!
3


THE YANKEE FIGHTERS DIVE IN ON THE JAPS....
GIVE IT TO 'EM JAP BUSTER!
WATCH THAT JAP SMOKE!
ELMER TO JOHNSON...YOUR JAP MAKES THREE...NOT BAD FOR ONE NIGHT! WE'RE GOING IN! THE NIPS CAUGHT COLD FEET!
SOME MINUTES LATER IN THE PILOT BRIEFING ROOM...
YOU DID A GOOD JOB MEN! ONLY ONE JAP WAS ABLE TO UNLOAD HIS BOMBS, BUT THAT BOMB BLEW UP ONE OF OUR DUMPS! INCIDENTALLY CAPTAIN, WE WON'T NEED THAT NEW FENCE!
YOU MEAN THAT DUMP YOU POINTED OUT WAS HIT?
SMACK IN CENTER FIELD! THAT'S THE UNCANNY PRECISION BOMBING WE'RE UP AGAINST! THIS GADGET MAY ACCOUNT FOR THEIR ACCURACY! IT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF A BOMB SIGHT WE TOOK OFF ON ONE OF THE BOMBERS YOU SHOT DOWN!
I'VE COMPARED IT WITH OTHER SIGHTS WE'VE CAPTURED! IT'S SOMETHING NEW! THE TROUBLE IS, IT'S DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR!
WE'VE GOT TO GET AN UNDAMAGED BOMB SIGHT!
AGREED! BUT SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO INVADE THEIR BASE AND GRAB IT!
EXACTLY! I'D LIKE TO LEAVE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
I'LL LAND IN THE INTERIOR AND TRY TO SLIP THROUGH THEIR OUTPOSTS!
GOOD LUCK, CAPTAIN!



AN HOUR LATER, JAP BUSTER JOHNSON LANDS ON A CLEARING ON FISUBIE...
THERE'S QUITE A JOB AHEAD! I'LL HAVE TO PENETRATE THE JAP OUTPOST, STEAL THE BOMB SIGHT AND GET BACK HERE ALL IN ONE PIECE!
THEN... THE FIRST GUARD...
AS JAP BUSTER REACHES THE FIELD...
TWO OF THEM! THIS WILL NEVER DO! I CAN'T KNOCK THEM OFF WITHOUT ROUSING THE WHOLE CAMP!
IF YOU'LL JUST KEEP SLEEPING OLD BOY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO MAKE IT PERMANENT!
BOMBSIGHT
BOMB SIGHT
AND..
THERE THEY ARE! THE BOMB SIGHTS!
THESE MAY COME IN HANDY... IN CASE... NOW FOR A DASH ACROSS THE FIELD TO THE JUNGLE....
BOMB SIGHT
BUT!
A YANKEE SPY! KILL THE PIG!
SPOTTED, OH! WHAT A CORNER I'M IN!
5


C'MON NIPPIES! HERE'S A TASTE OF YOUR OWN GRENADE!
BOOM!
THAT DROVE THEM BACK, BUT THEY WON'T STAY LONG! THE WHOLE JAP ARMY WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE! I'D BETTER RUN WHILE THE RUNNING'S GOOD!
MINUTES... LATER...
WHEW! JUST MADE IT! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW THE JAP BOMB SIGHT WORKS!
ZING! ZING!
SOME TIME LATER OVER THE NEW GUINEA BASE... JOHNSON TAKES HIS BEARINGS WITHOUT THE AID OF THE JAP BOMB SIGHT!
HMM... I CAN'T SEE A THING.... EVERY- IS CAMOUFLAGED!
BUT...
I GET IT NOW! THIS SIGHT IS SENSITIVE TO CERTAIN CHEMICALS! THOSE CHEMICALS ARE APPLIED IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE TARGETS THEY MEAN TO BLAST AND THAT MEANS I'VE GOT TO LAND, BUT FAST!
COMMANDER! ROUSE YOUR GROUND CREWS! ORDER THEM TO SPREAD A LAYER OF EARTH AROUND SUPPLY DUMPS SEVEN, EIGHT AND NINE! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
RIGHT! SOUND GENERAL ALARM LIEUTENANT!
... AND THAT'S THE STORY, COMMANDER! WITHOUT THOSE LUMINOUS MARKINGS, THE JAP SIGHTS ARE SO MUCH JUNK! YOU CAN TAKE THE NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS!
BUT HOW WAS THE STUFF APPLIED?

JAP SPIES AMONG YOUR NATIVE WORKMEN! I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THAT AND IF YOU'LL GET A SQUAD OF MEN, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!
IMMEDIATELY!
SHU-TAN! BUT HE HAD A GOOD REFERENCE FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT!
I SPIT ON CHINESE REFERENCE FORGED! ME JAP! YOU YANKEE DOG!
SEARCH HIS HUT! YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIS ORDERS FROM THE JAP ESPIONAGE! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW HE APPLIED THE STUFF!
YOU'LL NOTICE THAT TO THE NAKED EYE IT LOOKS LIKE ORDINARY CREOSOTE. BUT--NOW LOOK AT IT THROUGH THE JAP SIGHT--!
I'LL BE--! IT GLOWS LIKE A LUMINOUS WATCH DIAL!
U.S. NAVY
IT CONTAINS THE SAME CHEMICAL AND WE CAN USE IT TO TRAP THE JAP SQUADRON! THEY WILL BE OVER AGAIN TONIGHT! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SPREAD THIS STUFF ON THAT EMPTY FIELD OUTSIDE THE BASE! THEY'LL THINK IT'S THEIR TARGET THEN OUR BOYS WILL---
AND LATER... AS THE JAP BOMBERS DO COME...
ELMER TO JOHNSON... THIS IS A SWEET SHOW... WATCHING THOSE BABIES UNLOAD THEIR BOMBS ON AN EMPTY FIELD!
JOHNSON TO ELMER... WHEN WE GET THROUGH... IT WILL BE FULL OF JAP PLANES AND CORPSES!
I GETCHA! BUT WON'T IT BE FULL OF SOMETHING ELSE?
JOHNSON TO ELMER... YEAH! THE BROKEN ENDS OF A JAP DREAM OF WORLD CONQUEST!
The End

THE MYSTERY CARGO

EDNA had been with us a couple of weeks, during which time Sandy had done his best to break her. "Dames," he'd told us at a private confab shortly after she got the job, "ain't cut out for drivers. You guys stick by me and I'll nip this in the bud pronto. If we don't . . . we'll have all females in here in no time. Once the bosses know we'll let 'em, they'll hire 'em right an' left, because they don't have to worry about them being drafted. So it's up to us to put a crimp in it right now."

But it hadn't been easy putting that "crimp" in the works, like Sandy had said. We'd run more convoys that first week Edna was with us than we had in any other two weeks. Sandy was leader and his word was law, especially once we were on the road. If there was stuff to go through, and he could take it safely, that was his business.

We just about burned up the highways that first week. All of us were grumbling privately. Ours was a pretty hard bunch of guys. We'd been driving for a long time and knew the ropes thoroughly.

I fell heir to the job of breaking Edna in on the different "pieces" and maybe that's why I didn't like the deal she was getting.

"I need the job," she told me the first day she started. "Besides," she added, her blue eyes snapping with pride, "my brother's in the army . . . Ordnance. He always said girls were sissies. Especially me. I don't know why. Brothers are that way."

"Men don't like to have women doing this kind of work," I reasoned. "Guess it's because they figure . . . sort of . . . well, you know. . . ." I couldn't express it myself.

Edna just laughed at me, wheeled the big "horse" around the curve like a veteran, rolled it up to the parking strip with a soft sigh of air brakes. She could handle 'em alright. I had to give her credit. But I knew Sandy would never admit she was good.

TWO WEEKS of steady driving was beginning to tell on us. And the longer Edna stuck it out the harder we drove. I couldn't figure Sandy out. It was almost as though he hated her. I tried to get him to tip his hand more'n once, but he was too smart for that.

So we rolled into our third week. And I do mean rolled! By then I knew something *had* to happen.

We pulled in off a twelve-hour trek one afternoon and all of us were about done for. Edna drove the shuttle truck, and while she was putting it away in the field, Sandy gave us a going over.

"We're pulling out again right after chow." His face looked hard and lined, his eyes tired, bloodshot. "I don't know who wound that dame up, but she's gotta run down sometime."

"You hope!" Benny Hanson growled. "Didja ever figure on us? How long d'yuh think we're gonna be able to keep this up? Why, my back begins to feel like a red-hot ramrod. Danged if I—"

"Can't take it? I thought you had guts."

"We've been at it twelve hours. And we really rolled 'em. Okay, it's time to knock off for some rest. Or a day—"

Sandy ordered, "You guys get your chow and show back here right afterwards. We're pulling out again. Ten Radar Vans to go to Evans for shipment first thing in the morning." He added significantly, "Of course, any of you who can't keep up with a half-sized skirt don't have to come back. At all!"

"You doing the firing, too?" someone wanted to know.

"Shut up," I told Slim. I turned to Sandy. "This is the last trip. We all get a day off after this. That's final!"

ORDINARILY we didn't have trouble on the road. Most of this stuff is new. A lot of it's expensive, like these Radar Vans. Sandy's always armed with a .45 when we've got stuff like this. He knows how to use it, too.

We got started right after we'd fed. Edna didn't drive the shuttle truck this time. At first I couldn't figure that one out, till Sandy said she was going to be relief driver. The minute he said that I knew what was up. It was a dirty trick, too. She was going to relieve each one of us on the trip, shifting from one truck to the other. That got under my collar, and when we pulled up long enough for her to come back to my job, I pushed her into the corner and stayed at the wheel.

She said, "Sandy told me—"

"Yeah, I know. Sandy told the rest of us. I'll do my own driving. You take it easy a while and never mind him!"

The convoy had pulled up while the switch was made, and he'd been standing in the road looking back. When he saw what I did he started back, but I waved him away and gave the guy ahead of me the horn, and we got started. I knew Sandy'd be sore about it, but it didn't make much difference right then. I didn't feel like taking any guff from him, or anyone else.

It was dark by then and Sandy led the convoy off the highway and into the hills. It was a dirt road and we had to take it easier.

Edna asked, "Does he know where he's going?"

"Sandy's been driving this part of the state for years. Besides he's the boss. Why worry about it?"

THE ROAD started to climb and it was second-gear work. Dust got into the cab and it was hot as blazes.

An hour later it happened. The trucks up ahead slowed and then stopped. I figured it was another switch for Edna, but Sandy didn't come back, so I slid out to see what was wrong.

Sandy was leaning under the hood of his truck. When I got there he was doing a little fancy cussing. "Generator doesn't work," he snarled.

"That's nice," I said. "We'll get to Evans tomorrow night sometime. You've got bright ideas, Mister. What're you going to do?"

Sandy tinkered a minute. "Fix it, I hope. Get me the tool kit from under the seat."

I got the kit and then went back to my own job. I was sore and didn't want to hang around listening to him blow off.

IT WAS maybe twenty minutes later when Steve came hustling back. He looked worried and I opened the door and swung down. He said, "Get Edna up front. She'll have to drive. Sandy tried to crank that job. The battery's down but it kicked and maybe busted his arm!"

I went up front. Sandy looked kind of white under the dust on his face. The cords in his neck stood out as he gritted his teeth to keep from cussing.

"We'd better get rolling," I said. "Come on, you guys. Get into your jobs. Let's see the flipper, Sandy!"

I couldn't tell whether it was busted or not. I'm no saw-bones. We got rolling. Edna was leading, with Sandy directing her. And we really highballed from then on.

We hit Evans about two in the morning, but there wasn't a doc anywhere, so after we'd turned in the trucks and gotten our papers signed, we started back in a single job for our base.

Sandy looked bad. His hand was raising hell.

Edna said, "I'll take the wheel. I don't want to wake up with a telephone pole for a necklace."

It was a one-ton, 15-passenger job and we could make time. She did just that. We took the same road back through the hills.

I couldn't sleep. I was worried about Sandy and about Edna. I told her once, "I'll take over a while, kid. You can't keep this up."

She snapped, "When I want relief I'll say so!"

I shut up after that and we kept going. We got out of the hills and back on pavement and then she sure made that job hum. We were back at the base by sun-up, and Sandy had a doctor.

HE'D dislocated something in his wrist. I hung around to see how he made out before heading home. After all, I'd known him years.

There were smudges under his eyes when he finally came out. He told me, "Guess I'll be laid up a few weeks. No chance of driving with this arm of mine now."

"'Stoo bad," I told him. "Don't worry about it." I added, "It's your own fault. First for making the trip and second for not checking your van before starting. You know why, too. If you weren't trying so hard to make it tough for Edna . . ."

He got a little red around the gills and wouldn't look at me. He said softly, "Y'know, I gotta hand it to that kid. She sure can take it. I guess the guys are pretty peeved. I didn't see anyone in a hurry to take the wheel coming back...none but Edna!"

"She's okay." I felt a grin on my dirty face. "Maybe after she's had a little more experience—"

"Maybe nothing!" Sandy growled. "She doesn't need any more experience. Right now she's aces." He added with a chuckle, "Boy, that dame sure can take it!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of U.S.A. Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the U.S.A. Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

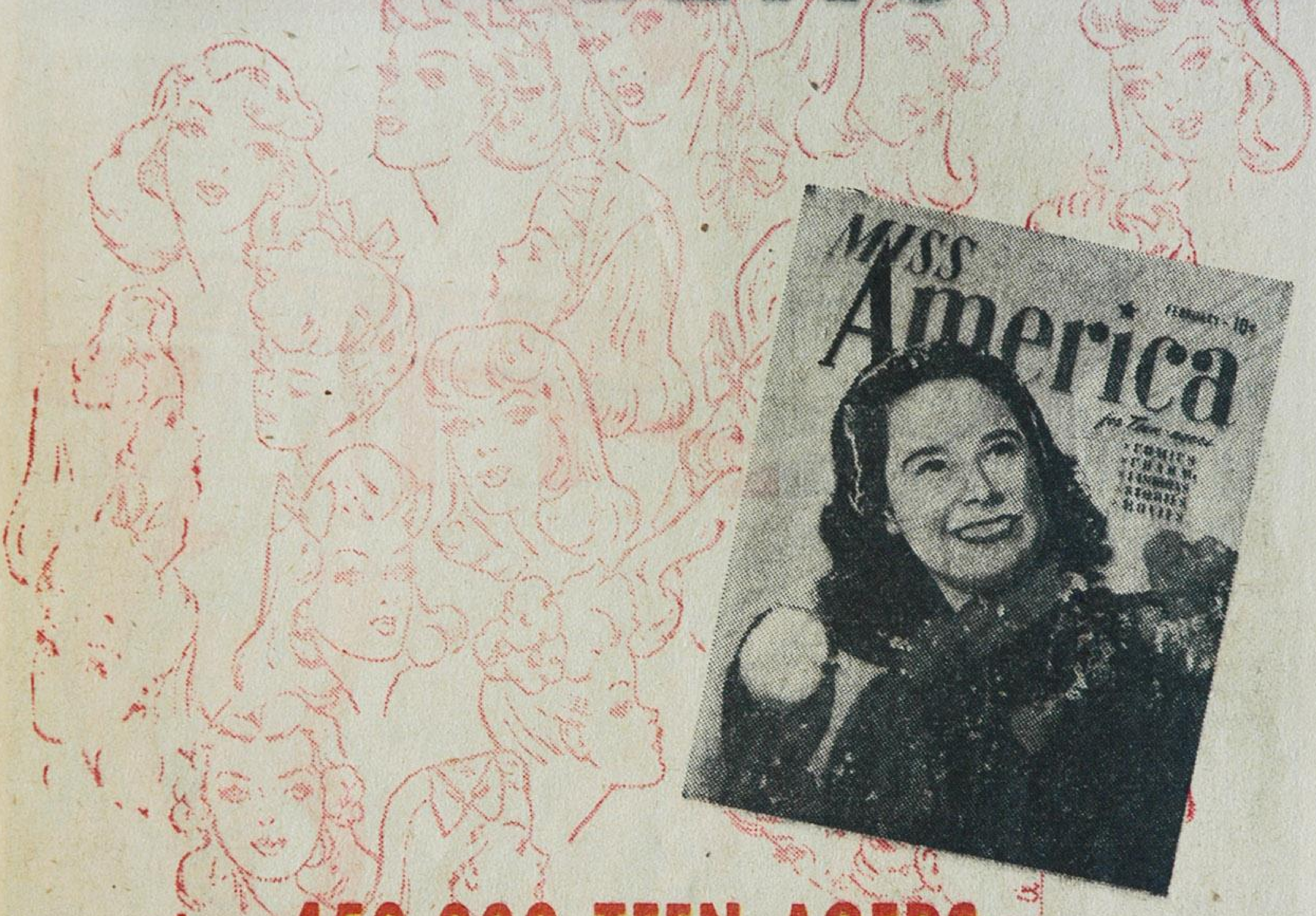
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1944.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

TIMED FOR
TEENS



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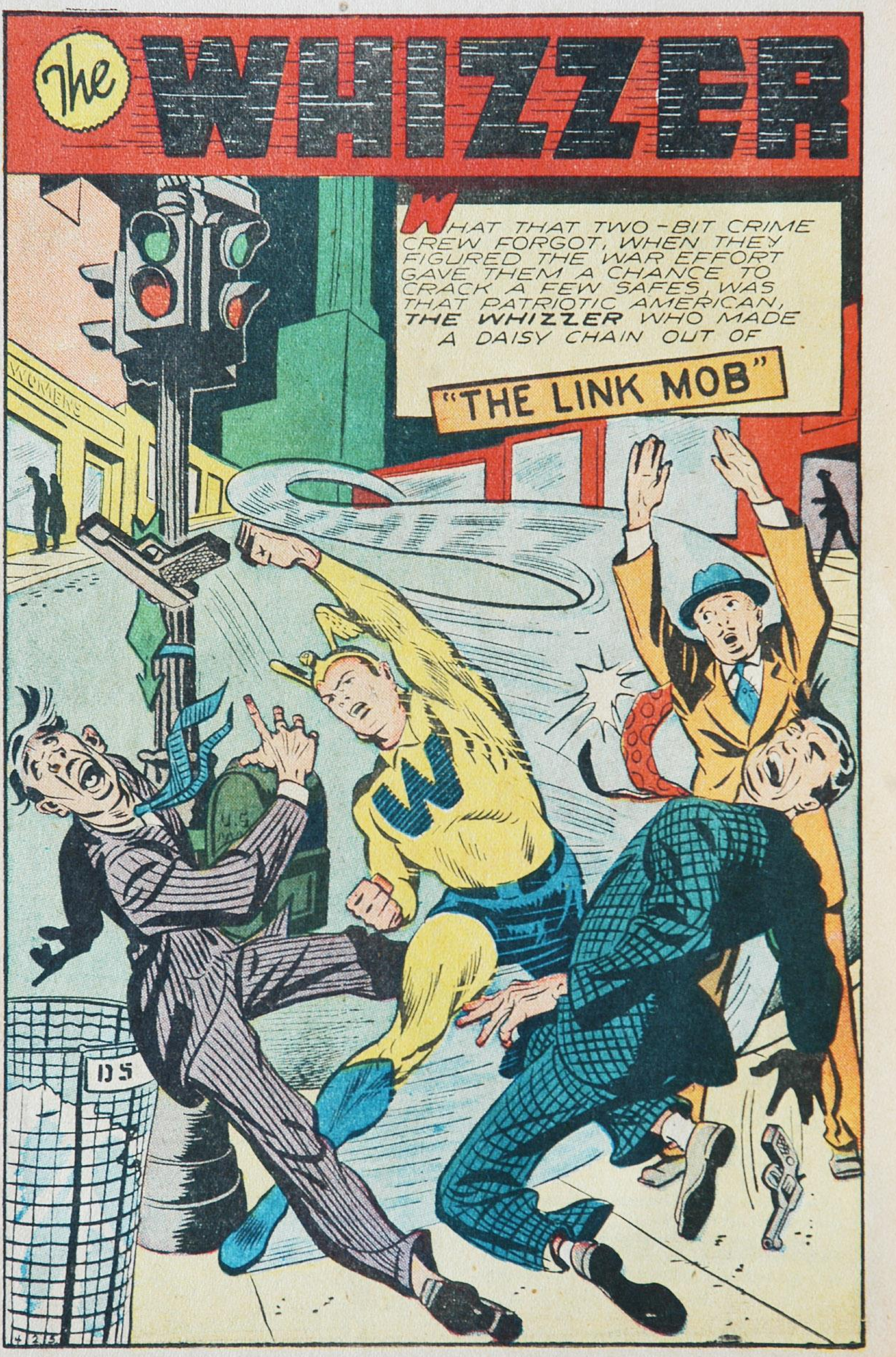
The WHIZZER
WHAT THAT TWO-BIT CRIME CREW FORGOT, WHEN THEY FIGURED THE WAR EFFORT GAVE THEM A CHANCE TO CRACK A FEW SAFES, WAS THAT PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, THE WHIZZER WHO MADE A DAISY CHAIN OUT OF
"THE LINK MOB"
WOMEN'S
WHIZZ
U.S. MAIL
DS
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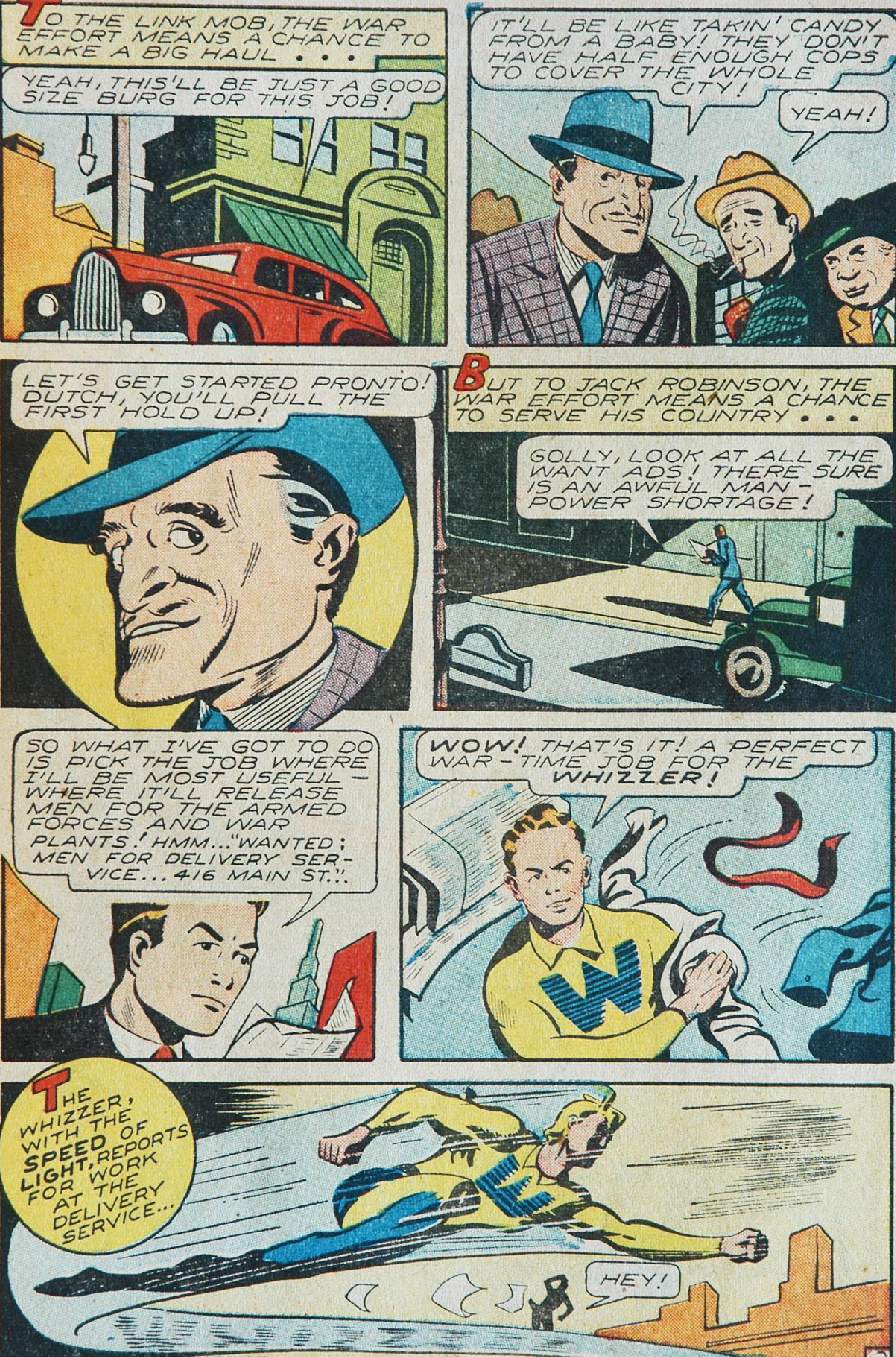
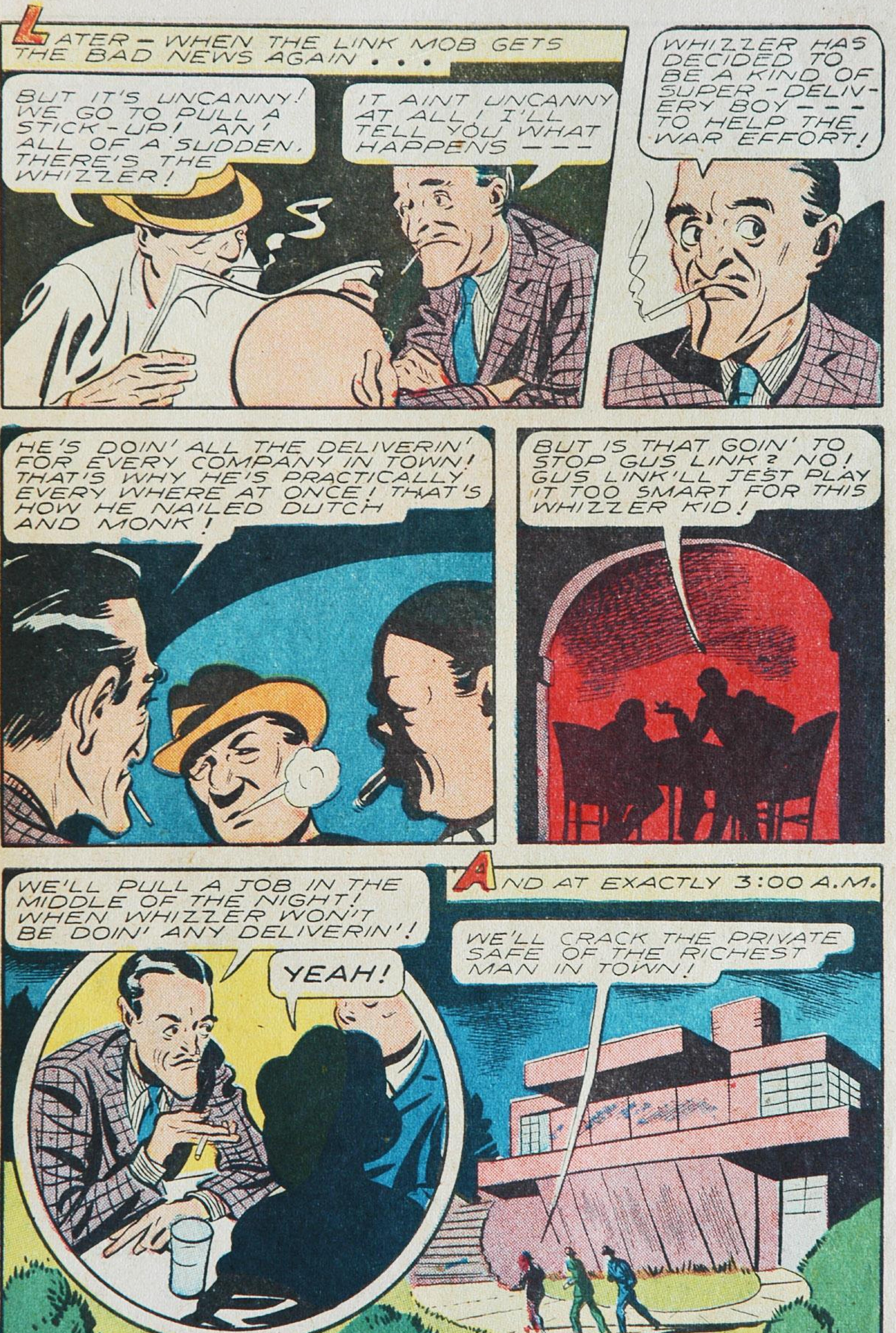
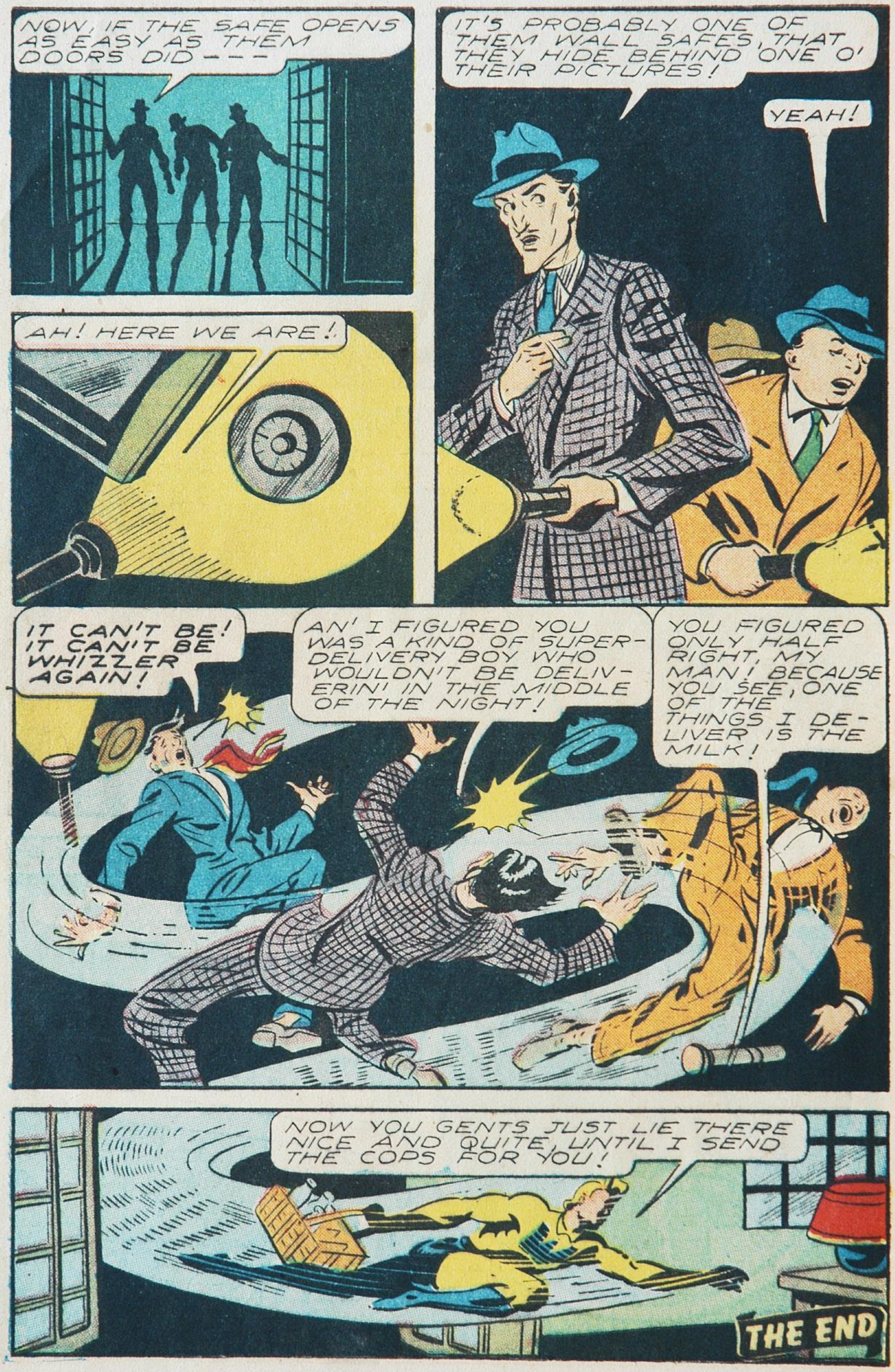

TO THE LINK MOB, THE WAR EFFORT MEANS A CHANCE TO MAKE A BIG HAUL . . .
YEAH, THIS'LL BE JUST A GOOD SIZE BURG FOR THIS JOB!
IT'LL BE LIKE TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY! THEY DON'T HAVE HALF ENOUGH COPS TO COVER THE WHOLE CITY!
YEAH!
LET'S GET STARTED PRONTO! DUTCH, YOU'LL PULL THE FIRST HOLD UP!
BUT TO JACK ROBINSON, THE WAR EFFORT MEANS A CHANCE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY . . .
GOLLY, LOOK AT ALL THE WANT ADS! THERE SURE IS AN AWFUL MAN-POWER SHORTAGE!
SO WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO IS PICK THE JOB WHERE I'LL BE MOST USEFUL – WHERE IT'LL RELEASE MEN FOR THE ARMED FORCES AND WAR PLANTS! HMM... "WANTED: MEN FOR DELIVERY SERVICE... 416 MAIN ST.".
WOW! THAT'S IT! A PERFECT WAR-TIME JOB FOR THE WHIZZER!
THE WHIZZER, WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, REPORTS FOR WORK AT THE DELIVERY SERVICE...
HEY!
2

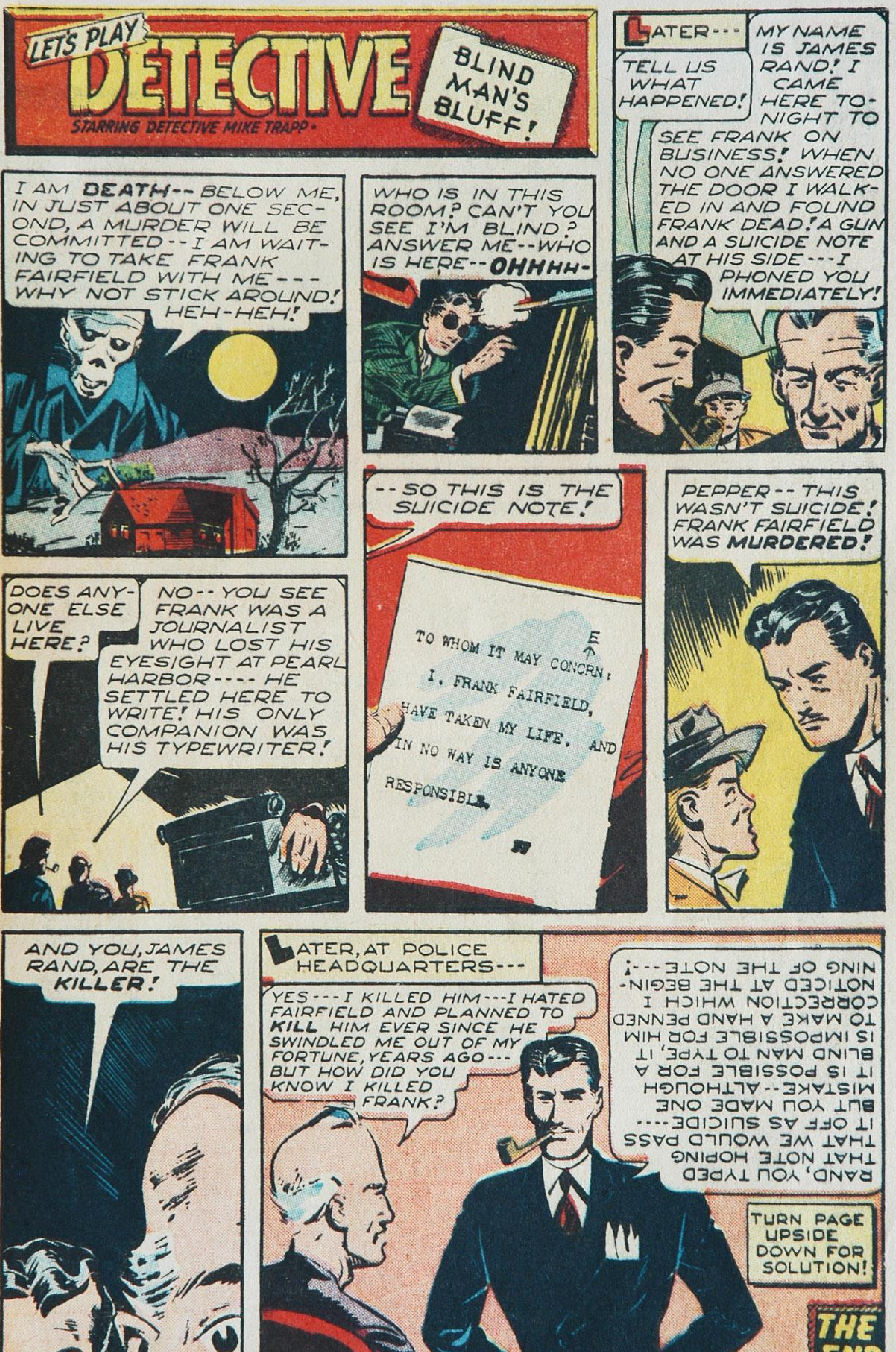
MEANTIME, THE LINK MOB STRIKES --- AS DUTCH DESCENDS ON THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE EXPRESS COMPANY • • •
AWRIGHT, EVERYBODY! **THIS IS A STICK UP!**
HEAVENS, HE HAS A GUN!
AND RILEY THE COP WON'T BE HERE FOR HOURS!
NOW JUST. DON'T ANYBODY DO NOTHIN' FUNNY SEE, AND NOBODY'LL GET HURT!
BUT SUDDENLY • •
OH! OH!
OH, IT'S YOU, EH! WELL HERE'S SOME HOT LEAD FOR YOU!
YOU FORGET, MY FRIEND, THAT I DON'T LIKE HOT LEAD!
WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY WAY! YOU'D BETTER CALL THE COPS AND HAVE THAT OBSTACLE REMOVED!
WE WILL! AND THANKS, WHIZZER!

THAT NIGHT.... BACK AT THE LINK MOBS HOTEL ROOM • • •
TALK ABOUT YOUR TOUGH LUCK! WHIZZER JEST HAPPENS TO COME ALONG WHEN DUTCH IS PULLIN' THE JOB!
WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THAT STOP US!
MONK, TOMORROW YOU'LL PICK UP THE DAY'S TAKE AT THAT BIG MAIN STREET DEPARTMENT STORE!
YEAH!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON • • •
GENERAL OFFICES
MEN'S CLOTHING
ELEVATORS
OKAY, GET 'EM UP!
EEK!
BUT THROUGH THE CROWD BELOW • • •
GENERAL OFFICES

WHIZZER SUDDENLY COMES STREAKING . . .
WHAT THE -- IT'S WHIZZER AGAIN!
OH-OH! ANOTHER ONE! STICK-UPS SEEM TO BE THE STYLE THESE DAYS!
BUT DON'T BOTHER TO AIM YOUR GUN AT ME, 'CAUSE I COULDN'T STAY LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO SHOOT AT ME!
AWRK!
BECAUSE I'M IN AN AWFUL RUSH THESE DAYS!
STAND BACK, FOLKS! MAIN FLOOR! POTS AND PANS --- KITCHENWARE -- HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES!
MEN'S CLOT
GENERAL OFFICES
HELLO, SERGEANT! YOU'D BETTER HUSTLE OVER TO THE BIG STORE! THEY HAVE A PACKAGE WAITING FOR YOU!
THANKS, WHIZZER, I'LL GET RIGHT OVER THERE!


LATER — WHEN THE LINK MOB GETS THE BAD NEWS AGAIN . . .
BUT IT'S UNCANNY! WE GO TO PULL A STICK-UP! AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN, THERE'S THE WHIZZER!
IT AINT UNCANNY AT ALL! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENS ———
WHIZZER HAS DECIDED TO BE A KIND OF SUPER-DELIVERY BOY ——— TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT!
HE'S DOIN' ALL THE DELIVERIN' FOR EVERY COMPANY IN TOWN! THAT'S WHY HE'S PRACTICALLY EVERY WHERE AT ONCE! THAT'S HOW HE NAILED DUTCH AND MONK!
BUT IS THAT GOIN' TO STOP GUS LINK? NO! GUS LINK'LL JEST PLAY IT TOO SMART FOR THIS WHIZZER KID!
WE'LL PULL A JOB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! WHEN WHIZZER WON'T BE DOIN' ANY DELIVERIN'!
YEAH!
AND AT EXACTLY 3:00 A.M.
WE'LL CRACK THE PRIVATE SAFE OF THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!
6


NOW, IF THE SAFE OPENS AS EASY AS THEM DOORS DID---
IT'S PROBABLY ONE OF THEM WALL SAFES, THAT THEY HIDE BEHIND ONE O' THEIR PICTURES!
YEAH!
AH! HERE WE ARE!
IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE WHIZZER AGAIN!
AN' I FIGURED YOU WAS A KIND OF SUPER-DELIVERY BOY WHO WOULDN'T BE DELIVERIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!
YOU FIGURED ONLY HALF RIGHT, MY MAN! BECAUSE YOU SEE, ONE OF THE THINGS I DELIVER IS THE MILK!
NOW YOU GENTS JUST LIE THERE NICE AND QUITE, UNTIL I SEND THE COPS FOR YOU!
THE END


LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!
I AM DEATH--BELOW ME, IN JUST ABOUT ONE SECOND, A MURDER WILL BE COMMITTED--I AM WAITING TO TAKE FRANK FAIRFIELD WITH ME---WHY NOT STICK AROUND! HEH-HEH!
WHO IS IN THIS ROOM? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BLIND? ANSWER ME--WHO IS HERE--OHHHH-
LATER---
TELL US WHAT HAPPENED!
MY NAME IS JAMES RAND! I CAME HERE TONIGHT TO SEE FRANK ON BUSINESS! WHEN NO ONE ANSWERED THE DOOR I WALKED IN AND FOUND FRANK DEAD! A GUN AND A SUICIDE NOTE AT HIS SIDE---I PHONED YOU IMMEDIATELY!
DOES ANYONE ELSE LIVE HERE?
NO--YOU SEE FRANK WAS A JOURNALIST WHO LOST HIS EYESIGHT AT PEARL HARBOR----HE SETTLED HERE TO WRITE! HIS ONLY COMPANION WAS HIS TYPEWRITER!
--SO THIS IS THE SUICIDE NOTE!
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCRN:
E
I. FRANK FAIRFIELD,
HAVE TAKEN MY LIFE. AND
IN NO WAY IS ANYONE
RESPONSIBLE.
PEPPER--THIS WASN'T SUICIDE! FRANK FAIRFIELD WAS MURDERED!
AND YOU, JAMES RAND, ARE THE KILLER!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
YES---I KILLED HIM---I HATED FAIRFIELD AND PLANNED TO KILL HIM EVER SINCE HE SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY FORTUNE, YEARS AGO---BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I KILLED FRANK?
RAND, YOU TYPED THAT NOTE HOPING THAT WE WOULD PASS IT OFF AS SUICIDE---BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE--ALTHOUGH IT IS POSSIBLE FOR A BLIND MAN TO TYPE, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO MAKE A HAND PENNED CORRECTION WHICH I NOTICED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NOTE---!
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!
THE END

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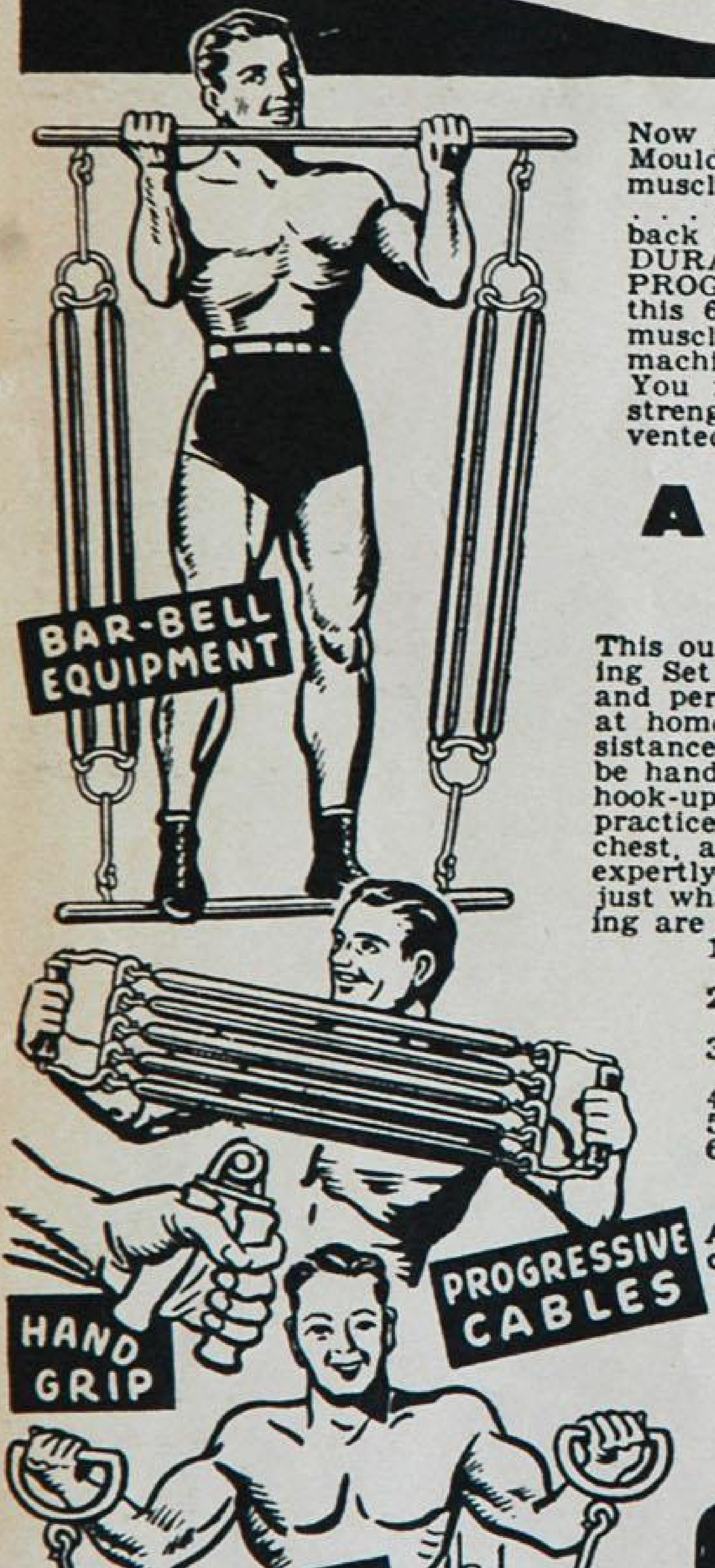

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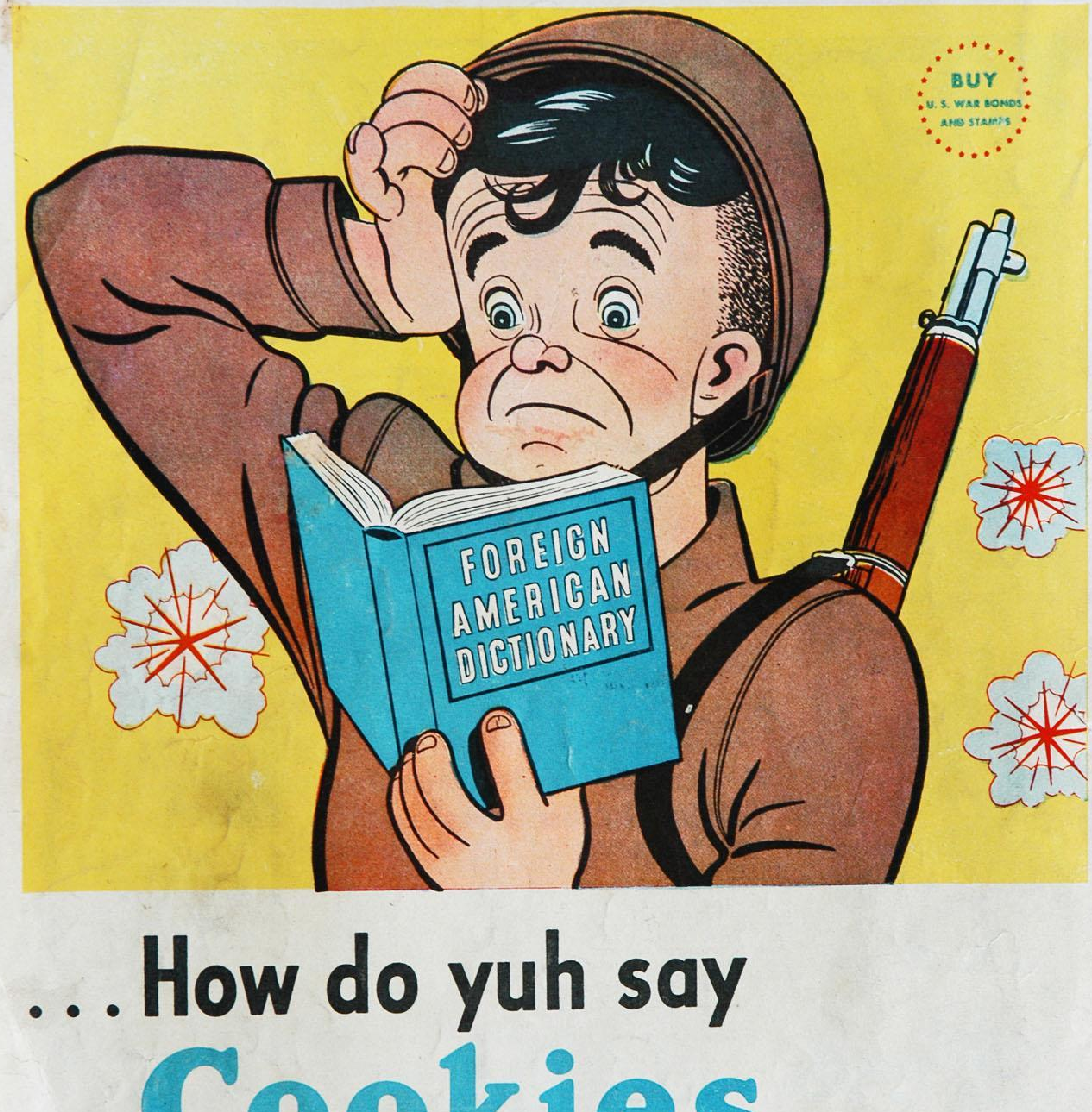
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